

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 834

NOV. 21, 1885

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC

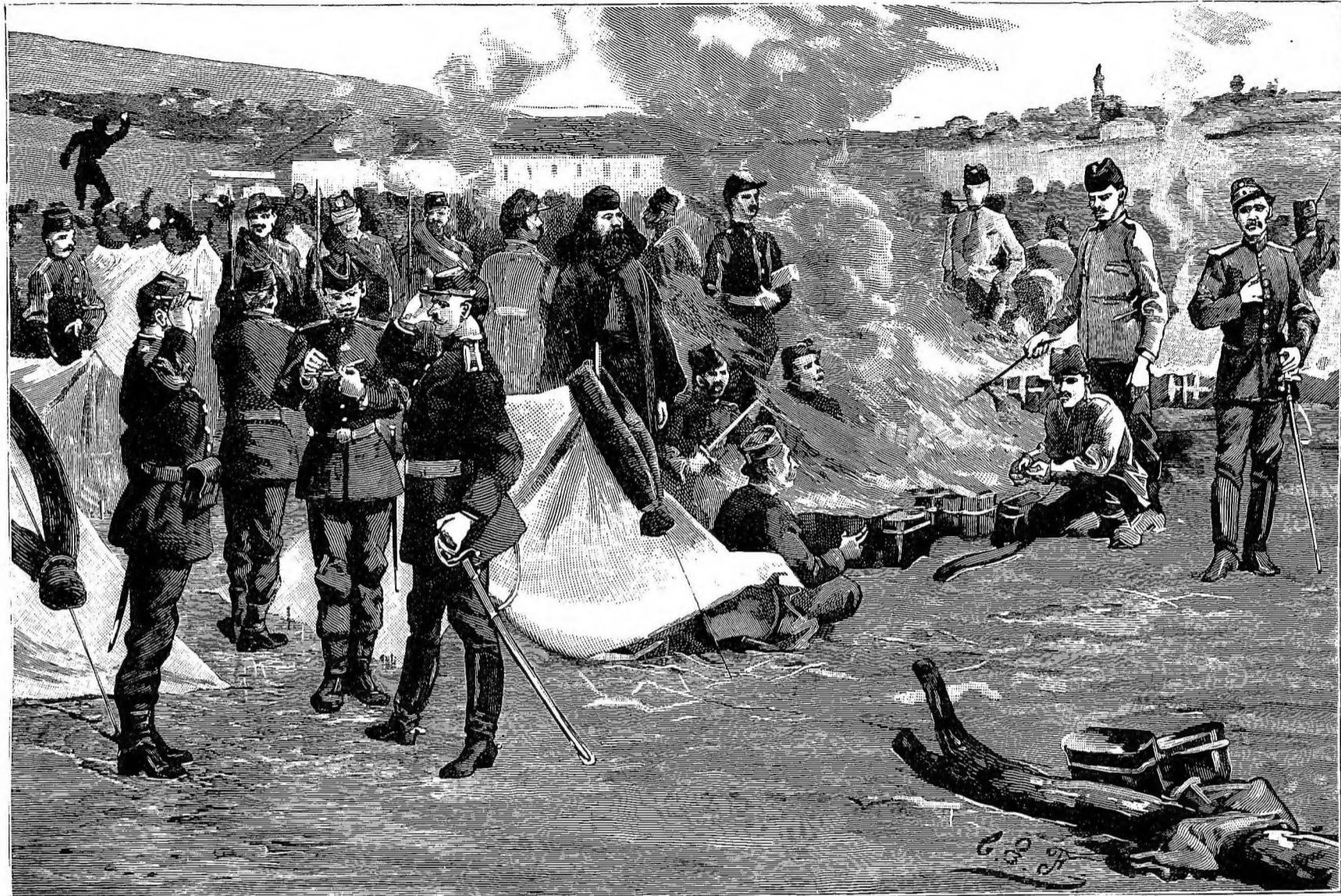
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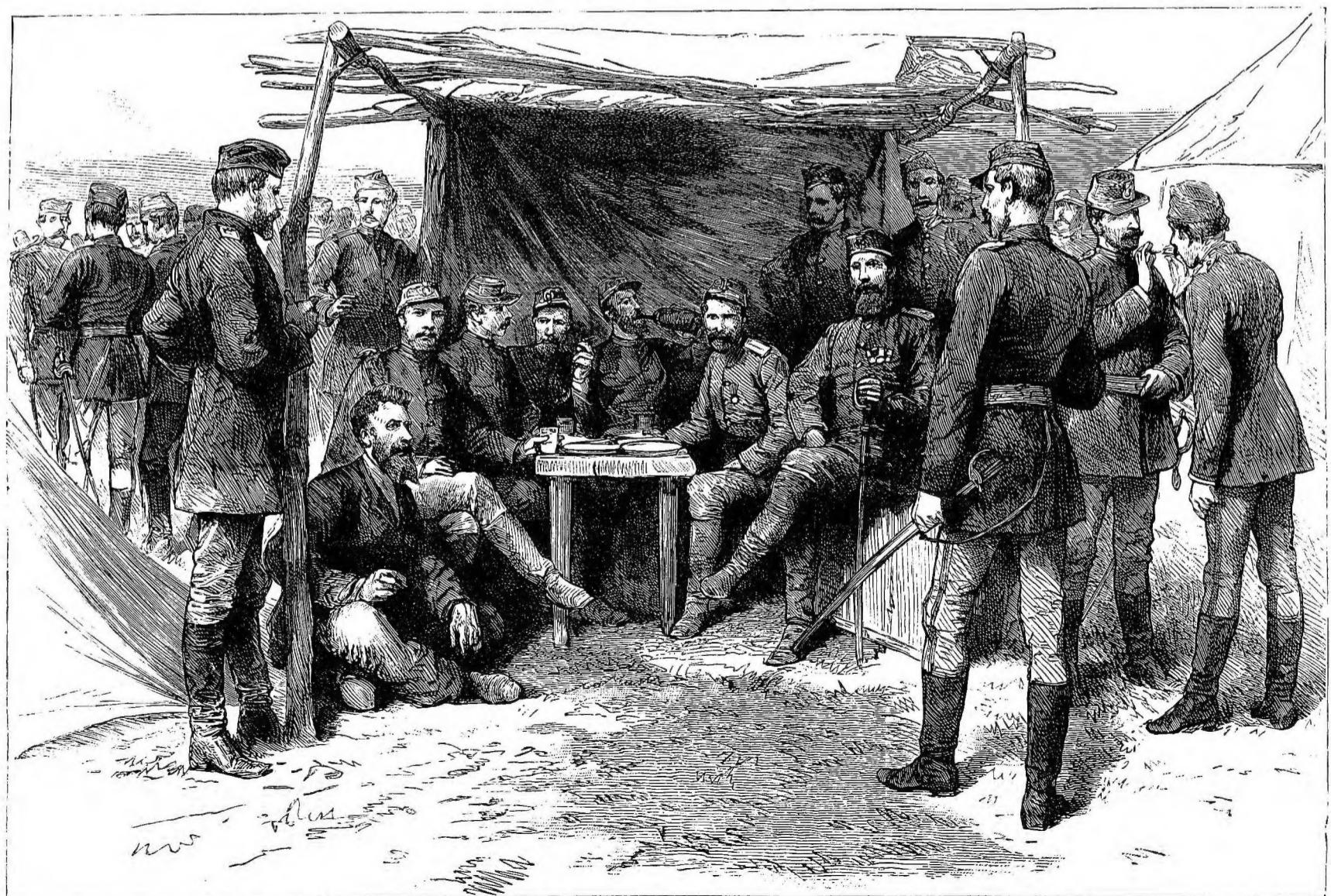
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



SERVIAN SOLDIERS IN CAMP AT NISCH



SERVIAN OFFICERS AT DINNER IN THE CAMP AT NISCH

THE WAR BETWEEN SERVIA AND BULGARIA


 Topics of the Week

MR. GLADSTONE IN SCOTLAND.—Mr. Gladstone's speech at West Calder, on Tuesday, was much more vigorous and animated than the one delivered about a week before at Edinburgh. On the earlier occasion he was evidently hampered by the consciousness that he had an extremely delicate and difficult duty to discharge. The Scotch Radicals were clamouring for immediate Disestablishment, and it was his business to tell them that immediate Disestablishment was impossible. At West Calder he had nothing to say that was likely to excite the opposition of any class of his supporters, and so he was able to speak with all his old freedom and energy. Those who attended the meeting obtained from him little fresh information about the political situation. They all knew pretty well beforehand that Mr. Gladstone has a high opinion of his own foreign policy, that he very much dislikes Protection and Fair Trade, and that he thinks there ought to be a Liberal majority strong enough to defeat the Tories and the Parnellites combined. The West Calder electors, however, were not exacting, and at the close of the speech seemed to be satisfied with the fare the orator had provided for them. The truth is, that for several months the only subject in which Scotch politicians took much real interest was the question of Disestablishment; and, now that the settlement of this controversy has been postponed, they are for the present comparatively indifferent about other political topics. For a day or two after Mr. Gladstone's speech at Edinburgh it seemed not impossible that the Disestablishers would repudiate his authority. They loudly expressed their disappointment, and some of the leaders eagerly claimed for the Scotch section of the Radical party the right of independent action. But second thoughts have led to wiser counsels; and now it is certain that at the approaching election the Liberals of Scotland will vote as if there was no dispute in the background about the National Church. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, must be held to have already accomplished what he himself proclaimed to be one of the main objects of his visit to Midlothian.

BURMA.—Since our last issue appeared, another little war, long-threatened, has begun. Let us hope that it will not grow into anything bigger than a little war. Regarding the morality of the business, there is a good deal to be said in favour of Mr. Courtney's contention that our high-handed proceedings against King Theebaw are unjustifiable. With his Majesty's tyrannous behaviour towards his own subjects we have nothing to do, or we might go tilting at various oppressive giants all over the planet. Nor, if King Theebaw were a civilised monarch, should we carry fire and sword against him because of his alleged ill-treatment of a commercial company. But then, if he were a monarch accustomed to govern after the European fashion, we should use gentler means of obtaining redress. As it is, we must use force, or sit down tamely. And if some advocate of peace-at-any-price should reply, "Why not sit down tamely?" the frank answer must be that we cannot afford to do so. If there were no Power in Farther India except Theebaw and ourselves we might venture to treat him with forbearance and generosity. But, unfortunately, there is another Power in the field. If we recede, France will advance; and presently we shall find a foreign-owned colony blocking up the road between British Burma and China. It is another version of the Shere Ali difficulty only with more reason on our side.

THE MOONLIGHTERS.—Mr. Parnell is so skilful in concealing his likes and dislikes that we cannot pretend to define his attitude towards the Moonlighters. Theirs towards him seems to be unmistakably hostile, judging from the fact that Mr. Curtin, the Kerry farmer, who has just been murdered, appears to have been a loyal Parnellite. Nor was he proscribed for "land-grabbing," "rack-renting," or any other of the offences against the "unwritten law" which are nowadays considered in Ireland to be deserving of death. In fine, the unfortunate man had an entirely blameless record from the patriotic standpoint. The Moonlighters must, therefore, have a separate programme of their own. While faithfully carrying out the orders of the National League directors, they are apt to do a little business on their own account whenever the chance offers. Thus, the Kerry Lodge—we suppose they affect lodges, like the Odd Fellows and Red Indians—wanted arms, and as no "traitor to the national cause" happened to possess any, they deemed it no sin, but very much the contrary, to rob a compatriot. Mr. Parnell will be likely, we should think, to be very much embarrassed by their *trop de zile*. Should he denounce the outrage in fitting terms, he would be sure to give affront to the whole fraternity of Moonlighters, and, as they are a very convenient agency for "spreading the light" of terrorism, that would be bad business. On the other hand, if he ignores the assassination of such a loyal follower as Mr. Curtin, it will look as if he is afraid of the Moonlighters, a most damaging imputation for one who aspires to the position of Dictator. Besides, the Irish farmers might, in that case, resign membership of the National League on the ground of its not affording them any more protection than if they were a parcel of landlords

or bailiffs. It is certainly a neat dilemma, but we have perfect confidence in Mr. Parnell's ability to twist himself out, clear of both horns. In the mean time, there is the supreme satisfaction of remembering that Ireland has one assassin the less in her lively population. This may not be much, but every little helps.

SERVIA AND BULGARIA.—It may be doubted whether there has been in modern times any war more unjust than that which Servia is now waging with Bulgaria. King Milan has not even the excuse of having been driven into the conflict by the demands of his subjects. The Servian people have no serious grudge against their neighbours; and all the evidence goes to show that they would not have objected to the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. Their King has acted simply from motives of personal ambition, and if in some unforeseen way the conflict should lead to the loss of his Crown, all the world will agree that he has richly deserved his fate. Unfortunately, the chances at present seem to be that it is not King Milan but Prince Alexander who will suffer from the invasion of Bulgarian territory. The Bulgarians are perfectly loyal to their ruler; but, if he should be unable to protect them, they will probably appeal to Russia for aid, and Russia will, of course, make the deposition of Prince Alexander the first condition of her interference on their behalf. If Russia intervened, it would be impossible to overrule the difficulties of the situation; for, after all that has lately happened, Austria would feel bound to go to the help of Servia. For some time the Austrian Government has been playing a double game, and it is extremely difficult to make out what have been, and are, its real intentions. The only satisfactory aspect of the whole affair is that Turkey appears disposed to act with prudence. She is urged by Russia to make herself the champion of the Treaty of Berlin; but she sees clearly enough the dangers to which she might be exposed by accepting this advice; and it may be hoped that she will offer no opinion either about the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, or about the present quarrel between the Bulgarians and the Servians. It does not follow, however, that the Eastern Question will not be re-opened in the fullest sense, even if Turkey should adopt this course. For either Austria or Russia may arrive at the conclusion that the time for decisive action has come; and, should that prove to be the case, the disturbers of the peace of Europe will have no difficulty in finding pretexts for the execution of their designs.

THE LATE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Though Parliament seems to have expired ever so long ago, it only died legally on Wednesday. Its reputation was greater when it began than when it ended. The Liberals came into power with a slashing majority, yet they accomplished little legislation of any value. The Irish Land Bill was passed in defiance of the laws of political economy—in other words, of the laws of nature; it has already worked much mischief, and will possibly work more. The Reform Bill, a necessary and justifiable complement to the measure of 1867, would not have been passed but for the pressure exercised on both the great political parties outside the walls of Parliament. This legislative barrenness was partly due to Conservative obstruction, and still more to Parnellite obstruction, both of which methods of wasting time might be prevented by a resolute reform of the antiquated rules of procedure prevailing in the House of Commons. But the law-making incapacity of the late House was due to deeper causes than this. It was due to the fact that the so-called Liberal party consisted of two widely discordant elements. Hence legislative barrenness—which is, after all, a trifling matter; but hence also a far more serious matter, the miserable mismanagement of affairs in Ireland, in Egypt, in South Africa, in Australasia. Over every important question there were two parties in the Cabinet, and hence constant vacillation, useless expenditure of blood and treasure, friendly foreign countries, such as Austria, France, and Germany, estranged from us, and John Bull regarded abroad with such contempt that it was felt that any one might with impunity tweak his nose. From some of these dangers and disgraces the change of Ministry has happily saved us, and, therefore, electors will do well to consider whether, if they restore the Liberals to power, they may not have another Whig-Radical Cabinet, as discordant as a cracked drum, with a revival of all the old evils. It is notorious that the Astute Old Man has gone down to Scotland with no higher mission than that of an electioneering agent. He goes with his soldering-iron in his hand, and his aim is to botch up the holes in the crazy Whig-Radical kettle.

NAVAL EXPENDITURE.—The appointment of Admiral Graham as Controller of the Navy is understood to signify that a *régime* of rigid economy is about to be introduced at the dockyards. "So mote it be." It would take a neat little arithmetical computation to reckon the number of new-broom arrangements which have been instituted at the Admiralty during the last twenty years without producing any change. That a more direct and stringent control is needed, no one disputes. But at all the public offices there is a certain force endowed with wonderful *vis inertiae* which goes by the name of "the permanent officials." These are

hardworking, painstaking, conscientious, and altogether admirable servants of the State, but they dearly like to have their own way. No sooner does a change of Government take place than they measure the new head of their department, and after they have registered his mental stature and scantling to a hair's breadth, they proceed to accommodate him, of course without his being aware of it, to the stereotyped requirements of the office. So clever have they become in this work that their superior always imagines he is having his own way. At the Admiralty, especially, the permanent officials are endowed with an almost supernatural faculty for bending First Lords to their purposes. Mr. W. H. Smith baffled them, but he only did so by mastering every little detail of naval business, and even then he was compelled to leave the system much as he found it. With all of these failures on record, it would be rash to assume that the new Controller will perform miracles of economy. Not that we doubt the necessity for the appointment; certain recent revelations demonstrated that beyond controversy. Our scepticism is based on a conviction that nothing less than some sort of hydraulic power will ever move the permanent officials out of the comfortable grooves of use and wont.

INDEFINITE POLITICS.—During the present electoral agitation politicians have been more than usually careful to avoid committing themselves to definite statements about the measures they advocate. Sir Charles Dilke, indeed, has given a pretty full exposition of the scheme by which he proposes to reorganise our system of local government; but on no other important subject have the electors received very precise information. About Ireland, for instance, both Tories and Liberals have spoken with extreme caution. It is impossible to say at present how far either of them would be prepared to go in the desire to secure the support of the Nationalists in the new Parliament. One of the "points" in Mr. Gladstone's Manifesto was the reform of the procedure of the House of Commons; yet the country is still in the dark as to the exact limits within which the proposed reform would be confined. Mr. Chamberlain has promised again and again that, if he can, he will secure for agricultural labourers a more direct interest in the soil they cultivate; but he has never given a very clear account of the manner in which some of the most formidable difficulties in the way are to be overcome. Even with regard to Free Education he has not succeeded in offering a perfectly plain explanation. He asserts that Free Education would not be incompatible with the maintenance of voluntary schools; but he has also said that the voluntary schools, under the new system, would have to be subjected to some kind of popular control; and no one quite knows what he means by that. It cannot be pretended that statesmen have confined themselves to general statements merely because details are uninteresting to public meetings. Many of the speeches which have been delivered would have been far more attractive if the orators had grappled with real difficulties instead of sketching vague programmes. The true explanation appears to be that politicians on both sides have been baffled in their attempts to make out what are the opinions and wishes of the new voters. They do not care to be very definite until some light has been thrown on the subject by the results of the General Election.

RIEL'S EXECUTION.—It is so rare in these days for a political offender to receive exemplary punishment that people experienced a sensation of surprise on hearing that Riel had actually suffered the death-penalty. Can any person of good sense and moderation assert that he did not deserve his doom? He had twice been a rebel; he had murdered one man in cold blood during the 1870 insurrection; and during the late revolt he caused numerous deaths, and was the indirect, though perhaps not the actual, instigator of massacres for which full-blooded Indians are now lying under the death-penalty. If these ignorant creatures are to suffer the extreme sentence of the law, surely the man of comparative enlightenment, who egged them on, ought to suffer also. We fully admit that Riel and his party had grievances which deserved to be redressed, but a grievance in a constitutional country must be of a most pressing and exceptional character to justify armed rebellion. A lesson from this may be learnt nearer home, as for example, regarding Ireland. There are some flabby politicians about who seem to think that because certain malcontent Irishmen want Home Rule or a Republic, therefore they are to be excused for boycotting, moonlighting, cattle-houghing, and sundry other abominations. The execution of Riel, too, may have a salutary effect on the French Canadians, many of whom took Riel's part, less because of the justice of his cause, than because he was the enemy of their English-speaking fellow-citizens. Of late there has been a growing feeling of alienation between the two chief sections of the Canadian population. Yet, in the judgment of the impartial observer, the French Canadians ought not to be discontented. Never was a country acquired by conquest more considerately handled. The ancient laws and customs were sedulously guarded, and, at this moment, the Roman Catholic Church in Canada enjoys privileges which it has lost in the so-called Catholic countries of Europe. Let us hope, therefore, that the present unfriendliness may soon vanish away, for it would be a downright calamity if Quebec and Ontario were to be divided into two independent communities.

BOKHARA.—From a purely British point of view, perhaps it may be just as well that Mozaffur-ud-din has died. This event cannot fail to give the Czar's Ministers plenty to think about and to do for some little time, and, in the mean-while, the delimitation of the Afghan frontier will be going on. In all likelihood, Bokhara is about to pass through some troubled times. Sayzid Abdul Ahad, who has mounted the throne, owes his succession to the good will of his father, the late Ameer, and not to right of birth. He is one of the younger sons, the eldest of all being, we believe, in banishment. Abdul Ahad bears the reputation of being entirely subservient to Russia, a characteristic which does not commend him to Bokharians who are by no means enamoured with Cossack domination. Should the exiled prince return, he will find plenty of followers ready to take the field in the cause of national independence. Then, after a period of internecine warfare, the Czar will find it incumbent on him to promote civilisation and the interests of humanity by effacing Bokhara even as he effaced Khokan some twenty years ago. It is of little importance to England when he plucks this over-ripe pear. When Merv was allowed to fall under Russian rule, our interest in Central Asiatic politics at once became restricted to the defence of Afghanistan. Moreover, in the case of Bokhara, the country has really been subject to Russia ever since General Kaufmann overthrew the Ameer at Zera Bulak, seventeen years ago. Annexation will, therefore, be little more than a formality so far as the outside world is concerned. Nor is it likely that the Bokharians will make much resistance. Fierce fanatics as they are, they have an equally strong passion for trade, and if they believed that their commercial prosperity would be promoted by union with Russia, their religious scruples would not stand in the way of proclaiming themselves the subjects of a Christian Power. Even the worst form of Russian rule in the East—sometimes it wears a very ugly form indeed—is infinitely preferable to that of such a sovereign as the late lamented Mozaffur-ud-din, Ameer of Bokhara, and most holy Saint.

PRUSSIA AND THE POLES.—Prince Bismarck has been much blamed for the order recently issued for the expulsion of a large number of Poles from Prussia. Even Prince Bismarck, however, cannot be held directly responsible for everything that happens in the Prussian Kingdom, and we may hope that this vile act of tyranny is due to the rashness of some subordinate Minister. If the measure was devised by the Chancellor, he must be losing some of the great qualities which made him the foremost Statesman of the age. It is true that the Poles have often given the Prussian Government a good deal of trouble. They have never cordially accepted Prussian rule, and they have been among the most vehement opponents of Prince Bismarck's ecclesiastical policy. But these facts can have little to do with what is now going on, for of the many thousands of poor people driven from their homes, the majority are Russian Poles, who had settled in Prussia. The English public owe their information on the subject to the energetic correspondent of the *Times* at Vienna; and if it were not known that he is careful never to make positive statements for which he has not good evidence, it would be hard to believe some parts of the shocking tale he has had to tell. The Prussian Government seems to have forgotten that in every civilised country there are large numbers of Germans who would very much dislike to receive the treatment against which the unhappy Polish exiles have been in vain protesting. What would Prince Bismarck think if the English Government were suddenly to issue an order that all Germans should quit Great Britain? It is not impossible that Germans in Russia may some day be dealt with in this manner, and after what has been done during the last few weeks it will not be easy for the German Government to protect its injured subjects. If a spark of manly spirit survives in the Prussian Parliament, a good deal should be heard by and by about these outrages.

FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright belong to the old-fashioned school of Liberal politicians, and they are exceedingly wroth with the Trade Depression Commission, because they regard it as an attempt to tamper with the sacred doctrines of Free Trade, which, in their judgment, are settled beyond the reach of argument. It is a curious fact that the rest of the world does not accept this view. There is not a country outside the United Kingdom which does not regard Free Trade with suspicion and alarm. All our colonies are in this respect against us: India, if she were as independent as Canada or Australia, would be against us; the United States, those dear United States, whose excellence Mr. Bright is always cracking up at our expense—on Tuesday he told us that their religious arrangements are much more effective than ours—even they are sadly heterodox in the matter of Free Trade. These facts afford, of course, no proof that Free Trade is a blunder; but they should teach the Cobdenites to be less cocksure and dogmatic. For ourselves, we are inclined to believe that the importance of the question has been vastly overrated, and that the prosperity or adversity of a country depends on deeper causes than tariffs. The immense expansion of British trade since 1845, on which Mr. Bright is wont to enlarge with such wearisome iteration, may be partly due to the repeal of the Corn Laws; but may be far more confidently attributed to railways, steam-boats, and telegraphs, which during that period made their real value felt, and still more to the goldfields of California and Australia. That tariffs are not a matter of such transcendent

importance as is often supposed is illustrated by the fact that, while the Americans and the Lancashire manufacturers have both been suffering from depression of trade, the former are hankering after Free Trade and the latter after Protection as a remedy.

THE SERVIAN VICTORIES.—While recognising that King Milan has shown himself greatly the superior of Prince Alexander as a tactician, it must not be forgotten that the Servians are much better soldiers than the Bulgarians. That terrible "baptism of fire" which the former went through just before the Russo-Turkish War, made soldiers of them, at all events. They were crushed in the long run by the superior might of Turkey, but those who survived treasured the military knowledge they had acquired, and we see the results in the almost German perfectness with which the advance on Sofia was carried out. The turning of the Dragoman Pass does not count for much in itself, because the Bulgarians had no business to allow it to be turned. We doubt whether King Milan ever expected or intended to capture that formidable position. His idea seems to have been to draw off the main body of the Bulgarian Army to defend the Dragoman, while his left and right advanced swiftly towards Widdin and Breznik. By striking at the former he cut off Prince Alexander's right from the centre; by moving on the latter he turned the Dragoman, there being a direct road from Breznik to Sofia. Even, therefore, if Prince Alexander had made good his defence of the Dragoman, he must either have evacuated it, or run the risk of having his communications with Sofia cut. Both at Koula and Trn, the Bulgarians appear to have opposed a stubborn resistance for a time, while at Slivnitza they gained a decided success. But whenever their line was broken, they lost all heart, as half-disciplined troops are apt to do, and surrendered without further trouble. It is only fair to remember, however, that most of them were raw recruits, badly armed, and scarcely disciplined at all. Their ill success does not, therefore, prove their nation to be utterly deficient in military capacity.

ROWDY ELECTION MEETINGS.—An American wrote the other day to one of the papers expressing his surprise at the rows and interruptions which took place at election meetings in this country. Such a thing, he said, was unheard-of in the United States, where, at campaign meetings, as they are called, if opponents go at all, they go to listen, and never dream of interrupting the proceedings. Here the experience is all the other way, and may be proved by a very simple test. No prudent man going to an election meeting carries his best silk umbrella, or wears the shiny hat with which he delights the public eye on Sundays. No; he is well aware that he may be obliged to use the one as a weapon, and have the other "bonneted" over his eyes before the evening's amusement is over, and therefore he takes the worst "gamp" he can find in the umbrella-stand, and buries his head in a rusty wideawake. Both parties are to blame for these disturbances, but, as rowdies and roughs, having nothing to lose, usually cling to the Radical creed, the Radicals are, perhaps, the worst offenders. The Attorney-General, most courteous and urbane of men, even he lost his temper the other night during one of these "shines," called his opponents "caucus-ridden monkeys," and even challenged them to pugilistic combat. At the same time, while we lament these disturbances, we need not for the most part regard them too seriously. Such brutalities as were perpetrated at a chapel in South Lambeth by a lot of Irish roughs are happily exceptional. As a rule, these rows spring less from deliberate hatred and malice than from that boyish fondness for "a lark," which is inherent in Britons. Our cousins across the Atlantic are far more sedate and saturnine in their ways, and hence, perhaps, they prefer discharging their electioneering venom through the columns of their newspaper Press.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT of FOUR PAGES, the first of a Series of Four, showing the Humours of Electioneering in Bygone Days.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, MR. HENRY IRVING.—EVERY EVENING at 8 o'clock, OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills. 123rd time. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving, Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry, Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open Ten to Five, where Seats can be booked in advance, or by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at eight o'clock, will be enacted a new play, by Henry A. Jones and Wilson Barrett, entitled GOODMAN BLIND. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, E. S. Willard, C. Cooper, E. Price, G. Walton, C. Hudson, C. Fulton, Evans, Berney, Elliott, Barrington, &c., and George Barrett, Miss Eastlake, Mesdames Huntley, Cooke, Chelthorow, &c. Prices:—Private Boxes, £1 1s. to £9 9s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Box Office 9.30 to 5.00. No fees. Doors open at 7.30. Business Manager, Mr. John Cobbe.—MORNING PERFORMANCE OF GOODMAN BLIND EVERY SATURDAY at 2. Doors open 1.30.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry Street, W.—Lighted by Electricity. Sole Proprietor and Manager, MR. EDGAR BRUCE. Every Evening at 7.45, ANDY BLAKE. Followed by (at 9) the very successful musical play, three acts, by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, called THE GREAT PINK PEARL. For cast see daily papers. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 7.45. Carriages at 11. Box Office open 11 to 5. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3,700). MATINEE of GREAT PINK PEARL, Saturday next, at Three, preceded by ANDY BLAKE at 2. Doors open at 1.45. Mr. W. H. GRIFFITH'S MATINEE, December 2. Special programme.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessees and Managers, Mr. E. RUSSELL and Mr. G. F. BASHFORD. DARK DAYS, by J. Comyns Carr and Hugh Conway. EVERY EVENING at Eight. Mr. H. Bohm-Tre, Mr. C. Sugden, Mr. R. Pateman, Mr. E. Maurice, Mr. I. B. Durham, Mr. Forbes Dawson, Mr. Barrymore, Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Helen Forsyth, and Miss Lingard. Booking Office open daily to till 5. No fees.—HAYMARKET.

BRINSMEAD SYMPHONY CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—THE SECOND CONCERT, SATURDAY EVENING NEXT, NOVEMBER 21, at EIGHT O'CLOCK.—Overture, "Sakuntala" (Goldmark); Prelude, "Le Dernier Sommeil de la Vierge" (Massenet); Scena, "Int'lice" (Mendelssohn); Madie, Marie de Lido; Pianofo Concerto, No. 3, in G (Rubinstein); Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Symphony, No. 3, "Eroica" (Beethoven); Vocal, Madie, Marie de Lido; Concert Overture (E. Ould); Orchestra of seventy performers, under the leadership of Mr. CARRODUS. Conductor, Mr. GEORGE MOUNT.

BRINSMEAD SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—Prospectus and Analytical Book of Words gratis—Numbered Stalls, 10s. 6d., 7s., and 6s. unreserved, 5s. and 2s. 6d.; admission, 1s. Tickets at Austin's, and of usual Agents.

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ON MONDAY NOV. 30, ST. ANDREW'S DAY, the magnificent Choir and Orchestra of the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS will give a Grand Concert of SCOTTISH NATIONAL MUSIC.

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The THIRTY-SEVENTH GREAT ANNUAL EXHIBITION of FAT CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, POULTRY, CORN, ROOTS, and IMPLEMENTS will be held in BINGLEY HALL, BIRMINGHAM, on SATURDAY, November 28. Admission to witness the judging of the Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs, but not the Poultry, from Nine till Eleven o'clock, 10s.; after that hour, 5s. MONDAY, Nov. 30th, 5s.; TUESDAY, December 1st, 1s.; WEDNESDAY, December 2nd, and THURSDAY, December 3rd, 1s.; till Five o'clock; after that hour, 6d. For Excursion Trains and other special arrangements see the Advertisements and the Bills of the various Companies. The Hall will be illuminated with the Gulcher Safety Electric Light as used at the Inventions Exhibition.

JOHN B. LYTHALL, Secretary.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM" and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 daily. One Shilling.

ANNO DOMINI, "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY," and "THE CHOSEN FIVE," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These Celebrated Pictures with other works, are ON VIEW at THE GALLERIES, 168 New Bond Street. Ten to s.x. Admission is

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BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY.—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria 10.00 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.30 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s. A Pullman Drawing Room Car is run on the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.45 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 1s., available by these Trains only.

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THE GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER. READY MONDAY, DECEMBER 7, will be PRINTED IN COLOURS, And will contain the following subjects.

PICTURES:

THE CURMUDGEONS' CHRISTMAS, Illustrated by Eighteen Sketches

BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

THE ADVENTURES OF PINCHER. TIRED OUT. By ADRIEN MARIE. ECHOES FROM THE NURSERY. A RAID ON THE DESSERT. Eight Sketches by ADRIEN MARIE. REHEARSING for the PANTOMIME. Double-page, by E. K. JOHNSON. Fifteen Sketches by ADRIEN MARIE. R.W.S. UNITED SERVICE. BRITANIA AND HER BOYS. By G. DURAND. By W. SMALL, R.I.

THE PRESENTATION PLATE

COMPRISES TWO SUBJECTS—

"DOWN" AND "UP,"

BY W. L. THOMAS, R.I.

The Size of each Picture is 23 by 16½ inches.

The Literary Portion consists of a Story by Mrs. WALFORD, Author of "Mr. Smith," "The Baby's Grandmother," &c., entitled

"THE HISTORY OF A WEEK,"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. SMALL, R.I.

THE EDITION PRINTED WILL BE 560,000.

But as a large proportion of this Number is already ordered for the United States, the Colonies, and abroad, it is necessary to repeat the usual request to

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TRUMPETER OF THE TSHERKESS



DRUM-MAJOR OF THE GUARDS



COLONEL (HETMAN) OF THE COSSACKS



SOLDIER FROM THE PERSIAN FRONTIER



GRENADIER OF THE IMPERIAL GUARDS



HORSE GUARD



TSHERKESS FROM THE KUBAN PROVINCE

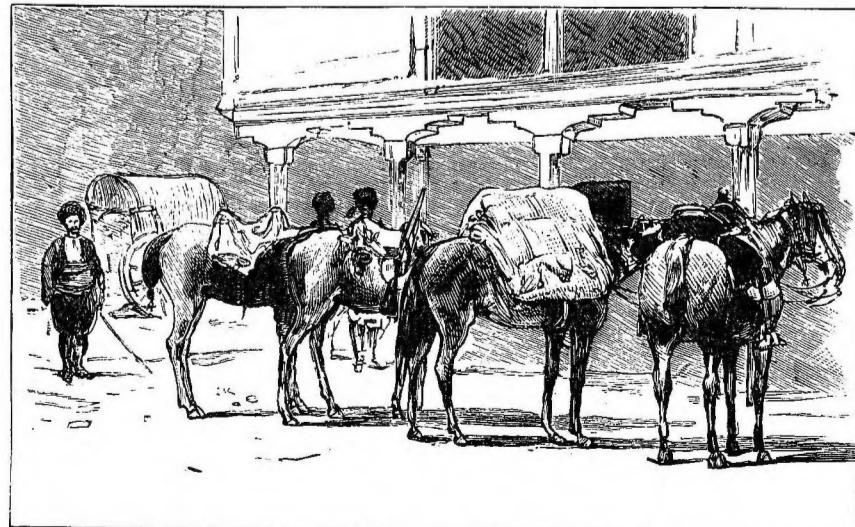


TSHERKESS FROM GROSIA

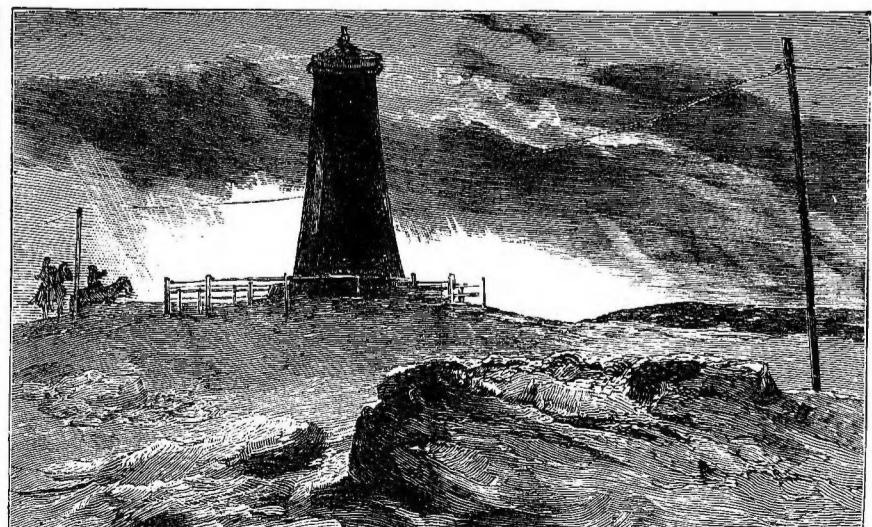
SOME TYPES OF SOLDIERS OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY



OVER THE OLD BATTLE-GROUND—THE REDOUTS OF THE SHIPKA PASS



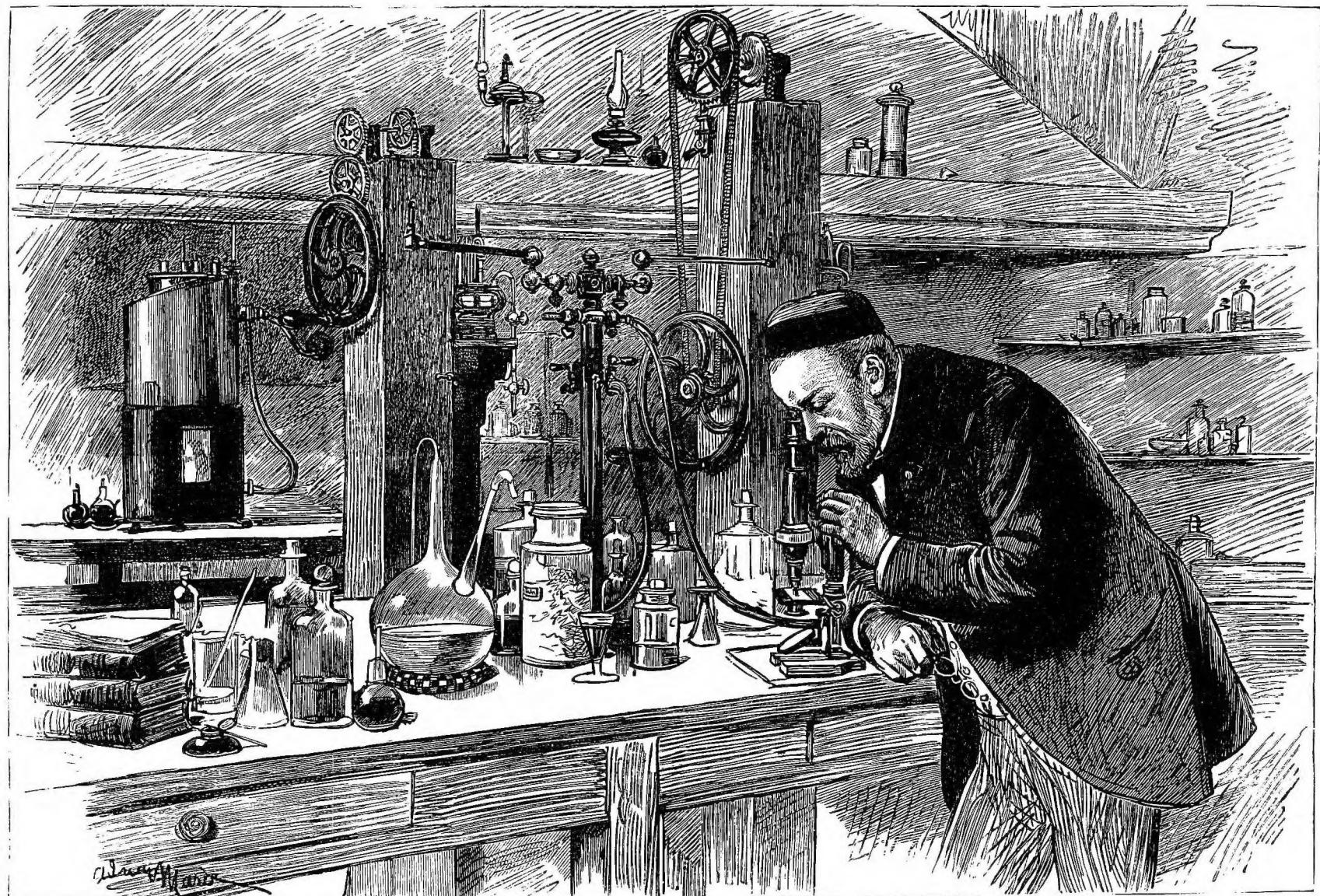
A HALT OF OUR ARTIST'S CARAVAN ON HIS WAY TO THE FRONT



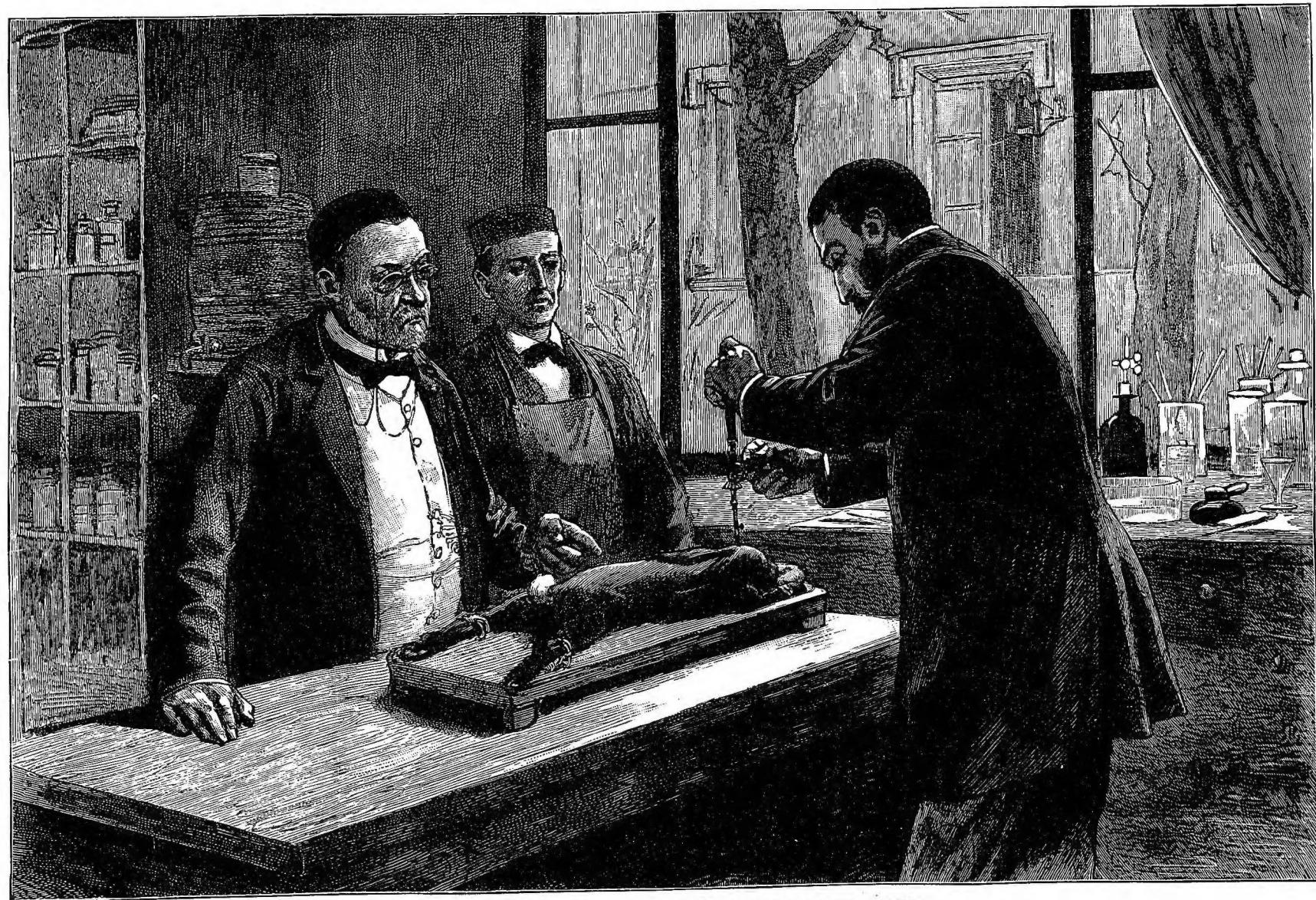
MONUMENT TO THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS KILLED AT SHIPKA DURING THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR

THE CRISIS IN THE BALKAN PENINSULA

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BULGARIA



MONSIEUR PASTEUR IN HIS LABORATORY



MONSIEUR PASTEUR EXPERIMENTING ON A CHLOROFORMED RABBIT

MONSIEUR PASTEUR'S EXPERIMENTS FOR THE CURE OF HYDROPHOBIA



THE SERVO-BULGARIAN WAR—NOTES IN THE CAMP AT NISCH

WHEN the mobilisation of the Servian army was ordered in consequence of Prince Alexander's little *coup de état* in Bulgaria, the town of Nisch was made the military head-quarters. Nisch is situated in a good strategical position on the Morava, and is close to the Bulgarian frontier, and consequently was most conveniently situated for the purpose. The town only contains about 19,000 inhabitants, and, as it was evident that house-room could not be provided for 30,000 troops, the soldiers were encamped outside. Unfortunately, the weather has been exceedingly bad, and as Nisch lies at the base of a range of hills the ground quickly became a mass of slush, while the roads were ankle-deep in a gully flood, so that the troops must have endured severe hardships, though beyond some low fever and intestinal complaints their health does not appear to have materially suffered. The Servians have profited greatly by the lesson which the campaign of 1876 taught them. In place of the small standing army and unwieldy militia reserve, which then constituted their forces, they have now an army constituted much after the German fashion, divided into three classes—the Field Army, amounting to 60,000 men; the Landwehr, numbering 50,000 men; and, finally, the Landsturm, which is not wholly organised, but which is expected to realise 45,000 men. In the first class are included men from the ages of twenty to thirty; in the second, men from thirty to thirty-seven; and in the third, from thirty-seven to fifty. Every Servian is liable to military service, and is bound to serve with the colours for two years. The infantry are armed with an improved Mauser rifle, and the artillery with muzzle-loaders of native manufacture, and with Krupp guns taken from the Turks. The two first mentioned classes of troops have now been mobilised, making a force of more than 100,000 men in the field.—Our illustrations are from photographs forwarded by A. Wlatisovitch, Belgrade.

TYPES OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY

THE Russian Army is probably the largest in the world, numbering as it does 700,000 men on a peace footing, 2,000,000 in time of war, and more than 3,000,000 in times of emergency. Moreover, the army is composed of a number of types and nationalities, each wholly distinct from the other—the hardy Finn, the sluggish mousie, or Russian peasant, the wiry, dauntless Cossack of the plains, the plunder-loving Tcherkess or Circassian of the mountains, the comfort-loving citizen of Moscow, St. Petersburg, or Odessa, and the roving nomad of the Central Asian steppes—all combine to make up the great military machine of Russia. At the summit of the army stand the Guards, where all are picked soldiers, and the officers are gentlemen of polished address, and familiar with the life of the Courts and capitals of Europe. Far different are the regimental and company officers of the line, who lack such superficial polish, but perhaps make up for it by a greater familiarity with the duties of their profession. As for the private soldier himself, the Cossack and the Tcherkess are dashing horsemen, while the ordinary infantry man is a peasant enrolled for six years, obedient to his superiors, brave and disciplined in battle, and blindly devoted to the Czar. Be his boots ever so friable, his biscuits ever so mouldy, his only remark is, "If the Czar only knew." He is, however, like, it should be said, a majority of his officers, wholly devoid of initiative. "He instinctively looks for orders," remarked a recent writer, "and obeys them with a blind instinct without stopping to question their merit. Left to his own resources he is almost helpless, and will often get killed from sheer stupidity in standing still waiting for an order when every one is dead who has the right to give it." At the same time, he is one of the most patient of all soldiers under defeat and adversity, and never gives way to a panic. Our engravings are from photographs forwarded by Mr. J. Edward Litten, of Warsaw.

NOTES IN THE BALKANS

THREE of our illustrations are from sketches by our artist in Bulgaria, M. Antoin Piotrowski, and one represents a view of some of the redoubts of the Shipka Pass, where in August, 1877, some of the sharpest fighting of the Russo-Turkish campaign took place. For seven days the battle raged, the Russians under General Gourko being ultimately the victors, a total of from 17,000 to 20,000 lives being lost. The Shipka Pass is not a pass at all in the proper sense of the term. There is no gorge or defile between high walls and rocks, but simply a section of the Balkans of less than average height, the surface of which from the Jantra river on the north, to the Tundja Valley on the south, is sufficiently continuous to afford a practicable road. This road was held by General Gourko, who was attacked by the Turks both from the valley below and from a spur of the mountains which, higher than the ridge, furnished an admirable point whence the Turks could shell the Russians. The two other sketches—incidents of M. Piotrowski's journey to the front—are sufficiently explained by their titles.

IN THE LISTS

THIS allegorical representation of the forthcoming election, after the manner of a medieval tournament, needs little explanation. Among the mounted Knights of the Conservative host of the Left appear Lord Salisbury, Lord Ashbourne, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, and the Duke of Richmond; while in the foreground are seen Sir H. Drummond Wolff (in Oriental guise), Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, Colonel Stanley, Lord Iddesleigh, Mr. Parnell (who is thus appropriated to the Tories), ex-Lord Mayor Fowler, and Sir Richard Cross. Next to Sir Richard the Liberal phalanx begins, as follows:—Lord Hartington, Mr. Forster, Lord Derby, Mr. Trevelyan, Sir Charles and Lady Dilke, Lord Rosebery, Lord Dufferin, the Duke of Westminster, and Sir W. Harcourt. Behind, on horseback, leading his serried ranks, is Mr. Gladstone, with his son, Herbert; and then, among others, Lord Kimberley, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Bradlaugh. The spectators of the fray are Britannia and her colonial children; while below are classically-attired ladies, symbolising various urgent questions, such as the Land Laws, Socialism, Protection, and Fair Trade.

M. PASTEUR AND HIS LABORATORY

EVER since Dr. Jenner benefited his fellows by the discovery that cow-pox communicated artificially by inoculation to the human subject was a preventive of small-pox, there have been continual and numerous experiments with regard to the prevention and lightening of other diseases by inoculation of an analogous virus. Foremost during recent years in this work has been the well-known French chemist, M. Louis Pasteur, whose researches in this direction are far too well-known to need comment here. For the last three years his studies have chiefly been directed to the prevention, and, what is even more, the cure of that dread disease hydrophobia, and he now claims to have achieved a favourable result. Briefly described his method is this. Taking a rabbit he inoculates its brain with the virus of a rabies-stricken dog, and the rabbit accordingly becomes rabid in fifteen days. From this rabbit another is inoculated, and so on in a series, the virus becoming quicker in its

effect, and the period of inoculation proportionately shorter, until the inoculated rabbit dies within seven days after the operation. The spinal cord it appears contains the virus in its whole system, but if pieces of the spinal cord are treated antiseptically, and kept in dry air, their virulence gradually disappears. Thus M. Pasteur has at his disposal a virus ranging from practically *nil* to a strength which will kill in a week, and his treatment is accordingly as follows. Taking a dog he inoculates him the first day with the comparatively harmless virus, and on the following day the process is repeated until, at last inoculations are made with virus only a day old, and which is strongly virulent, no bad results whatever following, although such an inoculation would be fatal to an unprotected animal. A dog so treated is alleged to be rabies proof. M. Pasteur had thus experimented unfailingly with thirty dogs, when on July 6th last a boy was brought to him who had been severely bitten by an undoubted rabid dog. From the following day to July 16th the boy was inoculated with virus ranging from a fortnight to a day old, it being proved by simultaneous experiments that after the first five days the same virus was invariably fatal to rabbits, and now the boy is exceedingly well, and pronounced cured. M. Pasteur has several other patients under treatment, and expresses the greatest confidence as to the result. By this and not by simple theory will the real value of his discovery be shown, and in any event M. Pasteur certainly deserves the thanks of all for having devoted so much study and time to the cure of a disease for which hitherto no remedy has been found.—With regard to one of our illustrations our artist writes:—"The patient is under chloroform—a piece of blotting paper is twisted round the head, and chloroform poured upon it—when the rabbit is insensible, a small slit is cut in the skin of the head, and the skull is laid bare. A small round piece is then cut out, and the 'virus rabique' introduced; the hole is then closed and the skin sewed together, after which the rabbit is put in a cage, with a label indicating the day of the operation, where it soon regains its senses. When it dies of hydrophobia, the virus is again taken from the brain, and introduced into other rabbits."

THE HON. T. UPINGTON,

WHO is now Premier of the Cape Colony, was born in 1844. He graduated M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, and was called to the Bar in 1867. Before his departure for the Cape Colony in 1874, he filled the office of principal secretary to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and since that time has filled a series of important colonial posts—such as that of Attorney-General at the Cape Colony, under the administration of the late Sir Bartle Frere. He is now Attorney-General and Prime Minister at the Cape, and has recently paid a short visit to England. He spoke at the St. George's Club, Hanover Square, at a dinner given to him; and also at the Cannon Street Hotel, in reply to Mr. Baden Powell's address on the Commercial Resources of South Africa. In this speech, Mr. Upington, who is an impressive and powerful orator, defended the Dutch population of South Africa from the charges of laziness and unprogressiveness which had been brought against them.—Our portrait is from an engraving by Window and Grove, 63a, Baker Street, W.

GENERAL PRENDERGAST

MAJOR-GENERAL HARRY NORTH DALRYMPLE PRENDERGAST, V.C., who is commanding our troops now marching against King Theebaw, is an experienced General in eastern warfare. He served with the Madras Sappers and Miners in Persia in 1857, and was present at the Bombardment of Mohurrah, and served with the Malwa Field Force. At Calpe he gained his brevet-majority, and the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery on November 21st at Muncisore, where he saved the life of Lieutenant G. Dew, 14th Light Dragoons, at the risk of his own, by attempting to cut down a Velaitee who had covered that officer with his piece from only a few paces to the rear. Lieutenant Prendergast was wounded by the discharge of the piece. In the Abyssinian War he commanded the detachment of three companies of Madras Sappers and Miners. He was Field Engineer during the advance, and was present at the action before Magdala. During Lord Ripon's Viceroyalty he was appointed an Honorary Aide-de Camp, and has since held a command in Madras. When the ultimatum was despatched to King Theebaw, and it was seen that war with Upper Burma was inevitable, he was at once appointed to the command of the expeditionary force, and lost no time in despatching his troops to the frontier. On the King's refusal of our terms being received, General Prendergast issued a proclamation to the Burmans, stating that in consequence of the Burmese Government having declined to grant redress for various injuries inflicted upon British subjects, and having refused to accept the British proposals for an amicable settlement, he had been ordered to advance with an armed force upon Mandalay. After recapitulating some of the grievances, the General goes on to pronounce the King's deposition by declaring that, "as it has become evident that there can be no hope of improvement in the condition of affairs in Upper Burma, the Government of India have decided that His Majesty shall cease to reign." At the same time, he continues, it is the Viceroy's earnest desire that bloodshed shall be avoided, and that the peaceable inhabitants of all classes should be encouraged to pursue their usual callings without fear of molestation. He accordingly assures the Burmans that they need fear nothing as long as they do not oppose the British troops, that their private rights, religion, and national customs will be respected, and that any services to the British will be recognised.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

DR. W. B. CARPENTER

DR. WILLIAM BENJAMIN CARPENTER was the son of Dr. Lant Carpenter, an eminent Unitarian Minister at Bristol, and brother of the late Miss Mary Carpenter, who devoted herself to philanthropic work among the women of India. Dr. Carpenter was born at Bristol in 1813, and entered the medical profession after taking his M.D. degree in Edinburgh; in 1839 he practised for a short time in Bristol, but in 1843 he resolved to come to London, where he devoted himself to the cultivation of physiology, a science of which he was almost the founder. The result of his labours is embodied in three valuable books, "The Principles of Physiology," "The Principles of Human Physiology," and "The Principles of Mental Physiology." During this period he held several hospital and university lectureships and appointments, and, among other literary employment, edited a medical review. He also wrote a treatise on the Microscope. In 1856 Dr. Carpenter was appointed to the office of Registrar of the University of London. He held the appointment for twenty-two years, and, as the emoluments received freed him from the necessity of doing other work for the sake of the money which it brought in, he was able to follow the bent of his genius. Deep-sea dredging, ocean currents, and the *Foramenifera* were among the subjects of his studies. On retiring from the Registrarship of the London University, Dr. Carpenter was elected a member of the Senate, and in this capacity still continued to do valuable service for the institution. In the scientific world he was held in high honour. His health had been failing for some time, but his death was the result of a sad accident. He was taking vapour baths for rheumatism, when a gallipot (which was temporarily replacing a broken lamp) was upset, and the ignited spirit burnt the doctor so severely that he died a few hours after on Sunday, November 10th. He leaves a widow and family. It is worth noting that Dr. Carpenter was at one time a total abstainer from alcohol, but careful observation of its effects caused him to return to the practice of moderate drinking.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

LORENZO MARQUES, DELAGOA BAY

LORENZO (OR LOURENCO) MARQUES is a district of the Portuguese province of Mozambique, but has a governor of its own, who is assisted by a secretary and other officers. A small military force is stationed there. The population is small—not much over a thousand. The settlement is named after its discoverer, who sailed into the waters of Delagoa Bay in 1544. Half the bay and its shores was formerly claimed by this country; but, the matter being submitted to arbitration, the decision (as in these cases it usually is) was given against us by the President of the French Republic in 1875. A glance at the map will show that Delagoa Bay is the natural, and indeed the only, seaport for the Transvaal, the goldfields of that region, and even Bechuanaland.

Lourenço Marques is a wretched town; but is just beginning to show signs of improvement, as its trade with the Transvaal is increasing, owing to the road having lately become freed from the "tsetse" fly, which formerly abounded on it, and killed the waggon teams. There seems also to be every prospect of a railway being made to the Transvaal at last, the plant for which has been lying at Lorenzo Marques for some years. The harbour is a good natural one—an arm of Delagoa Bay—free from any bar and surf, which are the usual disadvantages of South African ports. The town lies low, and close to a marsh, and is in consequence very unhealthy for Europeans in the hot and rainy seasons; though the English employés in charge of the cable station, on high ground behind the town, seem to be fairly healthy.

Owing to the low customs charged, goods are now being imported at Lorenzo Marques and smuggled into Natal via the Transvaal. It should prove a profitable investment if bought by England from the Portuguese.—Our engraving is from a sketch by R. S. S. Baden Powell, Captain 13th Hussars.

BRITISH BURMA—THE ISLAND OF MERGUI

MERGUI is a town on an island in the principal mouth of the Tenasserim River. Rising almost from high water mark is a low range of hills on which stands the court houses, the official residences, the Government schools, the Pagoda, and the chief buildings of the town. The population is mixed, consisting of Talaings, Burmese, Malays, Bengalis, Madrasis, Siamese, and many Chinese. In former days it was a penal settlement for convicts from Bengal. Mergui, however, shows traces of having once been a flourishing city, and in 1569 is mentioned by Caesar Frederick, the Venetian traveller, as "a village called Mergui, in whose harbour there lay every year some ships." Later, several English merchants settled there, and flourished until driven out in 1695, on the East India Company declaring war with Siam, to which country Mergui then belonged. During the first Burmese War Mergui was attacked and captured by an expeditionary force under Lieut-Col. Miles. The Burmese, however, soon became reconciled to their new rulers, and converted the fishing huts which then constituted the village into a comparatively populous town. There is a good harbour in which vessels drawing eighteen feet of water can lie, and the climate is healthy, the great heat being modified by the sea and land breezes, which alternately blow during the day and night. The island is covered with a dense forest of valuable trees, yielding timber for building houses and ships, while turtle eggs are collected on the sand banks, and *bêche de mer* and edible birds' nests are to be found in plenty. The inhabitants carry on a good trade of food products with the other parts of British Burma and with the Straits Settlements, cotton and silk being taken in return.—Our illustration is from a sketch by Mr. A. G. Campagnac, of the Education Department, British Burma, who writes:—"Considerable excitement prevails at present among rich speculators about the marble islands and rocks of crystal brought to the notice of the Government and the public by the Deputy Commissioners of Mergui, Mr. K. G. Burne and Captain Bowers. These islands, which are only a few miles from Mergui, are easily accessible by steamer. Mr. Burne thus writes in an official report: 'There would appear to be an immense quantity of marble well able to meet any demand that might be found for it, and bring in a revenue to the Government.' He further states 'that the marble is seemingly of the best description, in white, grey, and a yellowish colour."

THE INDIAN VILLAGE

WE recently illustrated the visit of the Indian Villagers to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and now show them at home in their village at the Albert Palace, Battersea. Two rows of shops have now been arranged there, where have been housed the various workmen, each of whom may be seen working at his separate trade, or performing his or her own particular entertainment in the form of snake charming, juggling, or naught dancing. The whole display reflects great credit upon the energy of Messrs. Liberty and Co., under whose auspices the various "workers" and "entertainers" have been gathered together, and a brief and concise explanation of the various handicrafts has been given in a little illustrated handbook, prepared by Mr. H. Risborough Sharman and Mr. William Griggs. Of our illustrations perhaps the snake charmer will be regarded as the most interesting. The performance is always attractive, the man treating his charges like children, as he addresses them in terms of endearment or remonstrance, alternately threatening and enticing them to do his bidding, keeping them dancing as long as he likes, and handling them with impunity. Nor in his way is the embroiderer less dexterous as he deftly carries out his delicate decorations on fans and other articles in silk, cotton, and wool. The wood turner and lac worker shows marvellous mechanical skill, not only in his beautiful turnery, but in the manner he lays on the lac while the article is revolving at high speed. The brass god moulder and the Sitar and Siringhi manufacturer are equally interesting, especially as the latter not only makes the instruments but plays upon them, while the younger portion of the community will be much amused with the juggling and conjuring folk. Apart from the entertainers there are thirteen trades represented, and the forty-seven natives who inhabit the village belong to thirteen separate castes.

TERRORISM IN IRELAND

THESE sketches are faithfully drawn from a special locality, but it may be advisable in this case to generalise, and merely say that they exhibit some of the difficulties experienced by loyal residents at the present time in various parts of Ireland. The cottage (No. 1) was not long ago fired into by Moonlighters, and a bullet nearly struck a man who was seated by the fireside. No. 2 represents a tenant on the same estate returning from his chapel on Sunday. He has broken the law of the National League by taking a farm from which a previous tenant had been evicted for not paying rent, and therefore it takes eight armed men to preserve his life from the howling mob. No. 3 shows a forge erected by the landlord some two years ago for the purpose of shoeing his own and other horses, which were boycotted at the local forges. Some men come a journey of fifteen miles to avail themselves of its facilities. No. 4 represents a store and bakery, which has been erected by the same gentleman for the purpose of supplying the necessities of life to boycotted persons, who would otherwise starve through the refusal of intimidated tradesmen to supply their wants.

THE CYCLONE IN ORISSA, INDIA

OFFICIAL details have been published concerning the cyclone which struck the Cuttack coast on September 22nd. The centre of the cyclone passed over False Point, raising a wave fifteen feet high



IN THE LISTS



SERVIA declared war upon BULGARIA on Saturday morning and immediately began operations, with the result that her troops have been mainly victorious, and are now in occupation of a considerable portion of Bulgarian territory. To take up the thread of events, on Thursday last week there was a skirmish between the Servians and Bulgarians, near the village of Vlassina on the frontier, and this being pronounced by King Milan to be a violation of Servian territory, he held a Cabinet Council, and determined on war. A proclamation was drawn up to the Servian people, and a circular issued to the Foreign Powers setting forth with what exemplary patience Servia had up to that time borne the aggressive policy of the Bulgarians, and stating that the King had no intention of infringing the rights of the Sultan. On Saturday morning the Servian army advanced in two main portions, the one under General Leschjanin upon Widdin and the Danube, and the other subdivided into several columns under the command-in-chief of the King, upon the Dragoman Pass and Sofia. The Danube division, after some hard fighting, occupied Zaribrod that evening, and next day a severe engagement ensued, the Servians being victorious, and occupying Kula. The Servian loss was fifty killed and 200 wounded, three hundred and fifty prisoners being taken. On Monday a yet more decisive battle was fought between Adlie and Widdin, the Bulgarians being utterly routed, and 1,000 made prisoners. Nor has the other, or Morava division, been less successful. On Sunday the Servians attacked the Trn entrenchments, and at the same time the redoubts in the Dragoman Pass which the Bulgarians had trusted would effectually defend the road to Sofia. The Bulgarians, however, were driven from their positions, and on Monday Trn was taken—some battalions laying down their arms and surrendering en masse—and the road to Sofia was practically open as far as Slivnitza, where the Bulgarians under Prince Alexander himself had been concentrated in force. Here—if we are to credit the Bulgarian accounts—the Servians met with a severe check, and were compelled to fall back in actions fought on Tuesday and Wednesday morning. At Bresnik, however, the Servians were more successful, as they captured the town, and thus secured an important position on the flank of Slivnitza, and commanding one of the roads to Sofia. Eight Krupp guns and a quantity of ammunition were taken with the town. The Servians testify to the gallantry with which the Bulgarians fought, but the latter had manifestly no chance against the better organised, disciplined, and officered troops of the Servians. The King is already discounting the results of his victories, and it is stated that as conditions of peace he will demand the cession of the Bulgarian area of the International Railway route, so that Servia will be able to complete the line, and also of the Widdin District, to enable Servia to construct a railway to the Lower Danube by way of Chapria, Zaitchar, and Widdin, to meet the projected Roumanian Railway from Krajova to Kalafat.

Prince Alexander on receiving the declaration of war at once appealed to the Porte, pointing out that as a Tributary State Bulgaria could not treat with an enemy or declare war, but that he would take steps to defend his dominions. At the same time he issued an order of war to the army, exhorting the troops to "show your courage; defend your mothers and your homes; and pursue the enemy, who has attacked us in a cowardly and treacherous manner, until he is completely annihilated." He then attended a solemn service in the Cathedral, and read a proclamation to his people, denouncing the Servian invasion as inhuman, and calling upon every Bulgarian to rally to his banner, and fight for his country and liberty. He then left for the army at Slivnitza. In addition to this appeal, Prince Alexander addressed a Circular to the European Powers, pointing out how, in obedience to the admonition of the Ambassadors, he had prevented bloodshed in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, and that, if the "integrity of Turkey was violated, it had not been by the fact of Bulgarian intervention in Roumelia, those two countries forming part of the possessions of the Ottoman Empire, but by this unwarrantable attack on the part of an independent State, whose only aim is territorial aggrandisement at the expense of a neighbouring country, and to satisfy, not its interests, but the ambition and egotism of its Government." Prince Alexander thus "relies upon the high sense of justice of the Powers for the adoption of a decision, as the last word in the question must be spoken by Europe." The Powers as yet have made no answer, but the Porte has recommended Prince Alexander to evacuate Eastern Roumelia, when his request will be "considered." Russia has semi-officially urged the Prince to accept this advice.

Meanwhile, the Porte is remarkably quiescent, and, if anything, is inclined to favour Servia, to whom, while formally protesting against the invasion of Bulgaria, it has replied that the Sultan takes due note of King Milan's promise not to infringe his authority. Indeed, the Turkish policy just now is one of extreme caution. The burnt child dreads the fire, and the Sultan is most anxious to avoid taking any action which may promote Russian interference. Thus, while the Conference at Constantinople has practically decided to summon Prince Alexander to retire from Eastern Roumelia, the Porte is by no means willing to undertake the task of compelling him to do so. Thus the work of the Conference is being slowly dragged on, and in view of the fresh complications which have arisen it is thought far from improbable that its deliberations will bear no fruit. For this some of the Powers, and Germany and Russia in particular, blame England, whose obstructive attitude is declared to have prevented the Conference coming to a decision, and who is consequently responsible for all the blood shed in Bulgaria. The crisis is evidently straining the union of the Three Powers almost to breaking point. Russia is especially sore with Austria, and accuses her of having egged the Servians on to hostilities, while Austria is not slow to take up the gauntlet and indulge in angry remarks about Russia and her love of interference. At Berlin, however, a highly hopeful feeling prevails that the war will be localised, and indeed tend rather to hasten the solution of the questions which the Conference met to discuss. As yet Greece has made no sign of further action, but Roumania has addressed a Note to the Powers, requesting that the dismantlement of the Danube fortresses should be carried out as provided by the Berlin Treaty, and is credited with the intention of seizing upon Silistria if her complaint meets with no attention.

In FRANCE M. Brisson has delivered his Ministerial programme, and has sealed the death-warrant of his Cabinet. His statement was straightforward and honest, but contained no concessions to the Radicals. No political amnesty was forthcoming, while the separation of Church and State was practically disavowed. He dealt at length on the financial question—retrenchment in expenditure and new taxes being foreshadowed, and condemned the too onerous development of colonial enterprises. At the same time the policy of abandonment must not be pursued, a native army would be formed for the protection of Tonquin, while as to Madagascar resolutions would shortly be proposed

"calculated to safeguard the rights and interests of France." There was no passage on foreign policy, and this omission is regarded as having been made so that M. de Freycinet may not be prevented from entering the next Cabinet, which will in all probability have M. Floquet for its chief, with M. Lockroy as his right hand. The Radicals are anxious, however, that M. Brisson should continue in office until the election for the Presidency of the Republic has taken place, and are urging him to summon a Congress of the two Houses without further delay. It is thought certain that M. Grévy will be elected, for as M. Brisson is considered to have ruined his chances by his Ministerial failure, no other candidate of note is likely to be put forward by the Republicans. As there would be a solid body of 300 Royalists and Imperialists in the Congress, any serious split in Republican circles would be most serious. The Paris journals are very angry with England for the execution of Riel in Canada. The *Temps* and *Debats* are decorous in their remonstrances, but other journals are most abusive, the *France* declaring that a nation guilty of so many atrocities in every part of the world could not long deviate from its old habits—"England has given another proof of her contempt for France." The Bonapartist *Pays* stigmatises the execution as murder, and denounces "the nation of shopkeepers, whose craven soldiers the Mahdi's troops drove back with the butt-end of their muskets, as earning another title to the contempt of civilised peoples."—In theatrical circles a translation of the *Silver King* has been highly successful. It has been produced at the Ambigu, and is exceedingly well-mounted, M. Laray taking the part of Wilfrid Denver. Another successful novelty has been a comedy at the Renaissance, *Un Duel s'il vous plaît*, by MM. Fabrice Carré and Maurice Desvallières.

In GERMANY Prussia is steadily pursuing her policy of expelling the Poles, and nearly 35,000 have now been driven into exile. No Polish resident appears to be spared, however respectable he may be; and even those who have served in the Prussian army, and are still enrolled in the Landwehr, are compelled to leave. The most terrible misery has thus been caused, most of the unfortunates losing their means of subsistence; while others have been so long in Germany as to be wholly ignorant of any other language. Some of the rural districts have been almost decimated, while hundreds of clerks have been sent away from Breslau and Dantzig. In some cases Russia refuses to receive the exiles back, so that 1,500 persons are encamped on the frontier, disowned by both countries, and not knowing where to direct their steps. Much indignation is being aroused in Austria by this inhuman and inexplicable persecution, as many of the Poles are Austrian subjects; but Russia has made no sign of sympathy, and is possibly noting the incident as a useful precedent in the event of a quarrel with Germany.—Emperor William has been ill with a cold, but is now better.

The War with BURMA has begun, and General Prendergast is advancing with all possible despatch upon Mandalay. A brush with the enemy took place on Saturday, when one of King Theebaw's steamers on the Irrawaddy, carrying ammunition, and manned by 200 men, was captured by the launch *Kathleen*, commanded by Lieutenant French of the *Turquoise*. The launch carried two howitzers, and their fire drove the Burmese crew overboard. On land also there appears to have been a small outpost skirmish on the frontier, the Burmese flying precipitately. On Monday our troops advanced on either side of the river, engaged and destroyed a battery at Nyoonghinnmore, on the left bank, and a stockade at Tsenboungwai. The first important opposition was encountered at Minhla, where a determined resistance was expected to be offered. Minhla is about thirty miles up the river from the frontier, and General Prendergast attacked the position on Tuesday and carried it by assault after three hours' fighting, one officer, Lieutenant Dury, of the 11th Bengal, and three men being killed, and four officers and twenty-four men being wounded. At the same time the Gue Gyoung Kamyo Fort was successfully attacked and carried. Minhla taken, the General would probably advance direct upon Mandalay, though as the Burmese was stated to be staking the river, and as they are adepts at river fighting there will probably be some delay. General Prendergast's force amounts to six British and eleven Native Infantry battalions, about 14,000 bayonets, one native mountain battery, and four garrison batteries of the Royal Artillery, of which one is an elephant battery. The force at present is divided into three brigades, commanded by Brigadier-General F. B. Norman, Brigadier-General H. J. Forde, and Brigadier-General G. S. White, V.C. The weather is cool and the health of the troops is good.

In INDIA the Burmese war is attracting comparatively little attention, as an expedition to Mandalay has long been looked upon as inevitable. The Afghan Boundary Commission have at length got fairly to work at Zulfiqar. The first conference took place on the 11th inst., and on the following day the first boundary beacon was erected at a point on the road from Puklikuton to Zulfiqar, two versts to the north of the latter place. Lord Dufferin is continuing his tour, and has been enthusiastically received at Oodeypore and warmly welcomed at Indore by the Maharajah Holkar. The Amee of Bokhara died last week, and has been peacefully succeeded by his son, Said Abdul Ahad.

In CANADA Louis Riel was hanged near Regina on Monday. He met his fate with great calmness, and, on the advice of his confessor, Père André, made no dying speech, his last words being, "Merci Jésus." Great precautions were taken against any surprise or attempt at rescue, and the execution was only witnessed by about twenty persons. The news created great excitement in Quebec and Montreal, tricolour flags being hoisted by the French population half-mast high, crowds marching through the English quarters singing the "Marseillaise." At Montreal the effigies of the Ministers were burnt, that of Sir John Macdonald being suspended from the statue of the Queen. The police, however, refrained from any active interference, and the demonstration dispersed of its own accord.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the Pope is said to have decided the Caroline Islands dispute between GERMANY and SPAIN in favour of the Spanish claims, though wording his decision with the utmost nicety to avoid wounding Teutonic susceptibilities. Thus, while he affirms the Spanish sovereignty over the islands, he, on Spain's authorisation, offers Germany special trading and other advantages, and recommends the two countries to renew direct negotiations at once.—In EGYPT, the rebels are steadily advancing in the Soudan, and while the new Mahdi remains at Abu Fatneh, with the bulk of his forces, a body of 2,000 has moved on Shebban. A Greek refugee has reached Cairo from Khartoum and Omdurman with two of the Sisters of Mercy, and brings further accounts of Paine's natural death while in the Mahdi's train. He also states that Gordon's head hung on a butcher's hook in Omdurman for five days for the passers by to spit upon and throw mud, &c. All papers were burned, but Gordon's clothes and decorations were sold by auction.—In the UNITED STATES a terrible fire has devastated Galveston in Texas, on the Gulf of Mexico. The fire broke out in a small foundry, and being fed by a high wind, swept rapidly over the city for a mile-and-a-half, destroying nearly the whole of the residential quarter. Fifteen hundred families are homeless, and the damage done must be at least to the extent of four million dollars.



THE QUEEN has returned south for the winter. Before leaving Balmoral the Royal party was joined by Princess Frederica, who accompanied Her Majesty in her walks and drives. Princess Beatrice being kept to the house by a severe cold. On Saturday the Queen and Princess Frederica drove to the Glassalt, and in the evening Mdle. Ameris sang before the Royal party, while on Sunday the Rev. A. Campbell performed Divine Service at Balmoral before Her Majesty, and in the evening dined with the Queen. On Tuesday Her Majesty left Balmoral with Princess Beatrice and her husband, and Princess Frederica, and after stopping to dine at Perth and take tea at Carlisle, reached Windsor to breakfast on Wednesday morning. This being Princess Beatrice's first visit to Windsor since her marriage, the town was hung with flags, and it was intended that the Princess and Prince Henry should have driven through the streets in an open carriage, but the Princess's cold deferred the drive until Thursday. In the afternoon the Queen held a Council at Windsor Castle, when the dissolution of Parliament was formally declared.

The Prince and Princess of Wales's party at Sandringham broke up on Saturday, when the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and the other guests left, while Lord and Lady Salisbury and the Dean of Windsor arrived in their stead. In the morning the Prince and Princess, with their sons, hunted with the West Norfolk Hounds from Congham, and next day the Prince and Princess and family attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Dean of Windsor preached. The Prince and Princess and their sons left Sandringham on Monday, and after spending a few hours in town, where they saw the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, went down to Eastwell Park to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. The Princes went out shooting daily during their stay, and had good sport, while they return to Sandringham at the end of the week. Next week the Prince of Wales goes to Birmingham for the Cattle Show and the opening of the new Art buildings.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught visited the Indian Village at the Albert Palace, Battersea, on Tuesday. With the Princess Louise they have been going the round of the picture galleries.—Prince and Princess Waldemar of Denmark are staying with the Prince's sister, the Duchess of Cumberland, at Gmunden.—The King and Queen of Württemberg are wintering at Nice.



THE TALLIS TERCENTENARY.—Monday next is the three-hundredth anniversary of the death of Thomas Tallis, the father of English cathedral music. The tercentenary will be duly celebrated at the Church of St. Alphege, Greenwich, where the grand old composer lies buried. Tallis' religious faith must have been of an accommodating character. For he was Roman Catholic organist at Waltham Abbey until Henry VIII dissolved the monasteries, and was afterwards Gentleman of the Chapel Royal (then held at Greenwich Palace), under both the Protestant Edward VI. and the Papist Mary, while at the time of his death he held the post of Court Organist under that staunch Reformer Elizabeth. Tallis' forty-part song—that is to say, for eight choirs of five voices each, or in forty real parts—was performed some years ago by the Henry Leslie Choir. But if man could compose, no mortal could read such a score, and this Brobdingnagian harmony exercise remains practically unique. At Greenwich, on Monday, the whole of the service music will be by Tallis, including the time-honored "Preeces" and "Responses," always used at the Musical Festivals, the five-part Litany composed to Edward VI.'s Prayer-Book in 1552, the *Te Deum* in F, of which only fragments are extant, the setting of the 100th Psalm, a couple of anthems, supposed to have been printed 325 years ago, and the canon composed for Archbishop Parke's Psalter in 1565, and though altered by Ravenscroft, still worthy the Archbishop's criticism that it "goeth milde in modest pace." Much of this music has been modernised.

CONCERTS.—The concerts of the week have been numerous, but of comparatively limited interest. At the Popular Concerts, Miss Fanny Davies, the clever pupil of Mr. Charles Hallé, Herr Reinecke and Madame Schumann, and whose successful *début* under Mr. Manns was chronicled a few weeks ago, made her first appearance last Monday. The young English artist played Bach's difficult "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue," and for an encore the seventh of Mendelssohn's "Characteristic Pieces." She subsequently took part in Schumann's pianoforte quartet. Miss Davies' successfully justified the favourable opinion expressed of her some weeks ago, and she bids fair to become a favourite at these concerts.—At the Albert Hall on Saturday *Mors et Vita* was repeated with the same cast of artists as before.—The Heckmann quartet gave a concert on Saturday evening, when the programme included quartets by Schumann, Brahms, and Beethoven. The viola player is the best performer of the party, who however have attained a marvellous ensemble.—At the Crystal Palace on Saturday Mdle. Antoinette Trebelli made a successful *début* at the Saturday concerts. The symphony was Haydn's *Clock*, and the concerto, played by young Mr. Max Pauer, was Beethoven's "Emperor."—At the concert by the Musical Artists' Society on Saturday, chamber works by Messrs. Gear, Wesché, Matthay, and Baumer, were played. Although "new compositions" are the *raison d'être* of these concerts, the aim should more properly be the discovery of concealed talent, if any such exist. The composers named are, on the other hand, all tolerably well known.—On Wednesday Madame Trebelli and other artists were announced to sing at a charitable concert at the Albert Hall. The programme was more than usually uninteresting, but the whole of the expenses were defrayed by Mr. Peacock, leaving the gross receipts to be handed to the charity.

THE FAY O' FIRE.—It is difficult to correctly describe this work, which was produced at the OPERA COMIQUE on Saturday evening. It betrays evident signs that both Mr. Herman, the librettist, and Mr. Edward Jones, the composer, desire to escape from the groove of conventionality, and to essay something higher than the average *opéra bouffe*. But both libretto and music are to an exasperating degree a curious admixture of the good and the feeble. If the audience had only heard the *finale* to the first act, the chorus of morris dancers, and the duet for the two heroines in the prologue, and the sextet in the second act, they would probably have hailed Mr. Jones as a coming musical man. But in other parts of the work there were the baldest of trivial ditties, and orchestration which hardly merits the name of scoring at all. This strange variety produced a possibly erroneous impression that part of the music had been revised by an experienced hand, and that the rest would be improved were it subjected to a similar process. The libretto shows analogous faults. The idea of the plot, in

the conception of which a Paris paper states M. Busnach assisted, is good. A fourteenth-century minstrel and lover is, like a modern Tannhäuser, compelled for five centuries to remain in mythological regions under the amorous sway of the siren, Fay o' Fire. After five hundred years of this novel species of purgatory, the victim escape from Fairyland, and, revisiting earth, finds, in 1885, the lineal descendants of his former acquaintances living in almost analogous situations towards each other as when he descended to Hades in 1385. But Mr. Herman has not succeeded in effectively filling in the details of his plot, and he, moreover, mistakes rudeness for wit, and apparently has but an elementary idea of both epigram and humour. This inequality of merit extended to the performance. The talents of Mr. Fred Leslie and Mr. Walshawe were wasted on colourless parts. Mlle. Laporte, the "Fay" of the story, has an excellent voice, but sang painfully out of tune; and the only really successful artist was Miss Marie Tempest. This young lady will be recollected as Miss Marie Etherington, a pupil of Signor Garcia and M. Duvivier at the Royal Academy of Music, where she carried off high honours. As one of the few competent vocalists the *opéra bouffe* stage can boast, she is doubly welcome.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Sir Sterndale Bennett's early string quartet, recently discovered by his pupil, Mr. Thomas Wingham, will be first performed in the smaller chapel of the Brompton Oratory on Sunday afternoon. The work was written when Bennett was fifteen, and was a student at the Royal Academy of Music. Its style is simple and its model is Haydn.—The death is announced, at the age of sixty-eight, of Mr. Wellington Guernsey, war correspondent, engineer officer, librettist, and composer of "Alice, Where Art Thou?" which, though refused by several publishers for the sum of 5/-, eventually realised a profit of seven or eight thousand pounds.—Madame Patti has left England on her Continental tour. Signor Nicolini, to whom the *prima donna* is engaged to be married, was judicially divorced from his former wife on Thursday last.—Madame Minnie Hauck has created a favourable impression in New York by refusing to accept the bouquets thrown to her by the audience. The *prima donna* is wise; for those floral offerings have long since ceased to be what they pretend to be, and have become an unmitigated nuisance.—On Wednesday the Marchioness of Ely, by command of the Queen, sent Madame Marie Roze, as a reminiscence of her recent concert at Balmoral, a proof steel engraving and autograph of Her Majesty.



THE DISESTABLISHMENT QUESTION.—The *Record* publishes the names of eighty-nine Liberal candidates who are official members of, and subscribers to, the Liberation Society.—The Bishop of Salisbury has addressed a pastoral letter to the clergy of his diocese, in which while strongly deprecating Disestablishment he warns them against using the pulpit for the purposes of party politics, and against even the appearance of a desire on their part to make a belief in the justice and value of the establishment or endowment of the Church an article of faith.—Lord Selborne, who was Lord Chancellor in Mr. Gladstone's administration, writes thus to an enquiring Manchester correspondent:—"If I had a vote myself I should certainly consider the maintenance of the Established Church as of much greater importance than the predominance of my own, or the defeat of any other political party."—The Dean of Manchester, on the contrary, entertains so slight a fear of the arrival of Disestablishment, and objects so strongly to making members of Parliament delegates, that he acknowledges himself ready to vote as a Liberal Churchman for a Liberationist Liberal, who will vote with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain on general questions.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE LATE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER has been sworn at under £5,000. In the will, a very brief one, legacies are left to his nephews, &c.; the residue, some £6,000, to his widow; and the desire is expressed that the service of plate presented to him by the clergy of the diocese on his marriage shall, after his widow's death, become an heirloom of the Diocese of Manchester. The Archbishop of York has appointed Dr. Hutchinson, late Bishop of Barbadoes and coadjutor of the Bishop of Peterborough, to act as suffragan Bishop during the vacancy in the See.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF CARDIFF AND MENEVIA has made known his opinion that it is the duty of Roman Catholic electors to support the Conservatives, chiefly because he finds the Liberals refusing to give any guarantee that voluntary schools in which religion is taught will not be ruined or made impossible by anti-religious education.

THE CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE at Springhill, near Birmingham, is to be transferred to Oxford, with the double object of bringing students for the Nonconformist ministry under the influence of University culture and of giving Oxford itself a better knowledge of the voluntary principle in its application to religious teaching. It is hoped that the work of the College may be begun in the October of next year. Its first head will be Dr. Fairlairn, the Principal of Airedale College, Bradford, and the late Chairman of the Congregational Union. The head and the five Professors must be Nonconformists and Pædobaptists, but no restrictions of the kind will be imposed on any other lecturers who may be appointed.



THE TURF.—The Liverpool Meeting last week showed a great improvement in several points of view upon most of its predecessors of late years, though it would certainly bear a curtailment of the Friday's racing. The Autumn Cup produced a very fair field of thirteen, and it was a pleasure to see that sterling old mare Thebais in most excellent fettle, and looking as well as ever she did in her life, starting first favourite. As expected, after her recent display in the Cambridgeshire, she made a good show; and, if persevered with, she would probably have secured the second place from Lady Castlereagh. As it was, the Irish colt Kilcreene (who, by the way, was nowhere in the Cambridgeshire) came out towards the end of the race, and won easily enough from the pair. The Hibernian contingent were, of course, delighted, and certainly fortune favoured them at Liverpool, as it so often does, nor did she desert them at Derby this week, where Mallow won the Chatsworth Plate in a big field. Kilcreene, however, hailed from Captain Machell's stable, and ran under his auspices; and this astute campaigner has previously won this race, which he evidently affects, with Pircus, Master Kildare, Goggles, and Arbitrator, the sire of last week's winner. Thus Turf history repeats itself. The Great Lancashire Handicap, in the absence of most of the cracks who were entered, did not create much interest, and in a field of five resulted in a dead heat between The Sailor Prince, who started first favourite, and Kimbolton; the stakes being afterwards divided. The Duke of Richmond was among the runners, and, according to his wont,

disgraced himself, being one of those heart-breaking rogues who can and does run well at home, but "cuts it" when in public.—Racing this week at Derby and Northampton has been very fair indeed, though many of the best animals on the Turf have already retired into winter quarters. There were many very large fields, and notwithstanding the cold weather the attendances were very large, winners on the season being desirous of adding to their "piles," and losers being still more anxious to regain at least some of their losses. At Derby the Chesterfield Nursery of 1,000 sovs. produced a field of sixteen, the winner, whose performance some weeks ago seemed to escape full recollection, turning up in Mr. J. Lowther's Yule Tide, at the comfortable price of 14 to 1. The favourites were nowhere. The Osmaston Nursery on Wednesday saw another large party of seventeen, and here the favourite Andrassy, with Archer up, pulled it off. The Derby Cup fell to Fast and Loose, the aptly named daughter of Cimorne and Celerima, the smartish Broxbourne, St. Helena, Lucerne, and Clochette being the beaten lot.—Next week, the last of the flat-racing season, will be run the last important handicap of the year in the shape of the November Handicap at Manchester, for which there is an acceptance of a score. The race has attracted attention in the market, and several of the runners will fight the Liverpool Cup battle over again, though with some considerable change in their relative weights. At the time of writing Kilcreene, Thebais, and Florence are made first favourites at 5 to 1 each, with Pizarro, and Xena, who ran so well in the Cesarewitch, in attendance.—Lord Falmouth's colours, which have not been seen on the Turf since 1883, were carried on Glamour in the Chatsworth Plate above alluded to at Derby on Tuesday last.—It is now generally believed that Mr. Ford will be appointed official handicapper to the Jockey Club. He has long proved himself a skilful hand at this work.

COURSES.—There have been plenty of public coursing meetings lately, but nothing of a very interesting character has resulted. The general impression is that the puppies of the season are hardly up to the average; and certain it is that "enclosed" meetings are more and more patronised by public coursers of all classes. At the Gosforth Park gathering, the St. Leger for puppies of both sexes was divided between Mr. C. W. Lea's Let Go and his Lovelace, a smart brace, who own Clyto as their sire. All coursers will rejoice to find that the meeting over the historic Ambleby ground has been resumed.

FOOTBALL.—There has been somewhat of a lull in the Association Cup tournament, with the exception of a drawn game or two in the first round being played off, and one or two in the second round. The Aston Villa men have settled their draw with Derby County by beating them by two goals to none. In the second round Brentwood has had an easy victory over the Old Lancing Boys; and the Old Etonians have thus early been put out by Marlow, the holders of the Berks and Bucks Cup.—In the London Association Cup, the United London Scottish have defeated Hanover United; and the Hotspur Clapton.—*More Association* Oxford University has beaten Old Foresters, likewise Middlesex; and the Cambridge Old Harrovians; both Universities being very strong this season in this form of the game. Notts County has beaten West Bromwich Albion; Preston North End Bolton Wanderers; Notts Forest Blackburn Rovers; Halliwell Blackburn Olympic; Westminster School Casuals; London Sheffield Association; and Blackburn Rovers Lincoln City.—*More Rugbyantum* Oxford University has beaten London Scottish; Cambridge University Kensington; Manchester Sheffield; Yorkshire Durham; Lincolnshire Cheshire; Cambridge Dublin University; Dulwich College Clapham Rovers; and London the United Universities.—We regret that, owing to the multiplicity of first-class matches under both forms of the game, we can only pick out a few matches for notice, and then are only able to mention the bare names of the winners and losers.

AQUATICS.—At a recent meeting of the Committee of the Henley Regatta a Committee was appointed to inquire as to the best means of improving the course, so as in some measure to overcome the unfairness involved in the positions drawn by the different competitors. We fear this resolution will only provoke a smile, so often has the matter been taken up and dropped again. The whole thing is a farce. Why will not some one be bold enough to propose the "disestablishment and disendowment" of the Regatta altogether, or at least its removal to another course. Or let it be at once acknowledged as a mere picnic for "swells" and a general water frolic, the rowing being a mere bagatelle.



The preparations for Mr. Wills's version of *Faust* at the LYCEUM are proceeding on an extensive scale, and it is expected that the piece will be produced in the week preceding the Christmas week. In point of scenic beauty the representation is likely to eclipse all previous efforts at this theatre under Mr. Irving's management; and assuredly Mr. Irving's "Mephisto" will awaken much curiosity and interest among his admirers. The character is obviously a more promising one than that of the sepulchral Vanderdecken, who does not count among Mr. Irving's successes. Miss Ellen Terry's Marguerite may be regarded as a predestined triumph.

The Browning Society, who insist that Mr. Browning's plays are as well adapted to charm audiences as to delight the poetical reader, was to give a performance of *Colombe's Birthday* at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, on Thursday evening. Miss Alma Murray will play the heroine. *Colombe's Birthday* was produced at the Haymarket in 1853, with Miss Helen Faust, Mr. Barry Sullivan, and the elder Farren in the principal characters, but was withdrawn after three or four representations.

The HOLBORN Theatre, which has the peculiarity of possessing an immense auditorium and a stage of very little depth, has passed into the hands of Mr. Vandenberghe, who intends to produce comic opera.

Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie has been played throughout the present week, for the first time this season, at the ROYALTY. M. Mayer's company, which now includes Madame Devoyod, play creditably all that they attempt, but M. Pailleron's brilliant comedy, which depends for its interest on witty dialogue and clever sketches of character rather than on interest of story, necessarily constitutes a rather severe tax upon their powers.

Messrs. Sims and Pettit's new drama, entitled *The Harbour Lights*, is, according to present intention, to be produced at the ADELPHI, amidst the unavoidable excitement of Boxing Night. This is contrary to custom, and is hardly likely to secure for the authors the patient hearing which is so desirable at a first performance. Looking to the great importance of a good start there seems reason to expect that the Messrs. Gatti will reconsider their determination. Scenes in the life of a sailor in the Royal Navy in these days are to be an essential feature in the new play.

An immense bill, studded with names of distinguished actors and actresses, has been prepared for the benefit of the widow of the late Mr. Harry Jackson, which will take place at DRURY LANE on the afternoon of Thursday next.

Bilie Taylor, Messrs. Stephens and Solomon's comic opera,

lately revived at the GAIETY (as noticed in these columns about a fortnight ago), seems to have entered on quite a new lease of life, with its tuneful melodies and general sprightliness. Miss Marion Hood is a charming Phoebe, and is excellently supported by Miss Rosie St. George as Arabella Lane, by Mr. Arthur Roberts as Barnacle (unless he is stopped by a Chancery injunction), by Mr. Arnold Breedon (who has a very sweet voice) as the deceitful Billee, by Miss Harriet Coveney as Eliza, and by Mr. George Honey (a worthy inheritor of a well-known name) as the schoolmaster, Crab.



CATTLE AND SHEEP continue to sell at prices decidedly disappointing to breeders. The Duke of Buccleuch's splendid herd of Ayrshire cattle, sold a little while since at Drumlanrig, fetched good prices, but such was the high quality of the cattle that it would have been extraordinary if they had not done so. That they would have realised a good deal more if sold two years ago may safely be stated. In Scotland, galloways, Highlanders, and Aberdeen-Angus have fallen heavily in value. The American demand for the Scotch polled cattle has fallen off materially. At the Hereford fair last week there was a fall of about seventy shillings on the year in the mean price obtained for animals of the famous local breed. With respect to sheep, in Scotland ordinary sheep for fattening have fallen about thirty per cent. on the year, while from two years ago Cheviot wethers have fallen from 56s. to 36s. a head.

FAUNA AND FLORA.—In 1879 in Cambridgeshire a white weasel was shot, and another was killed in Yorkshire at the close of 1883; now we hear of a white weasel shot at Poulton-le-Fylde, in Lancashire. A white weasel is a great rarity, it is the stoat which changes colour, and is brown in summer, white in the winter months. A correspondent sends to a contemporary a graphic account of an attack of sparrows upon a weasel, but the incident is not so uncommon as the informant appears to think. It is an instinct of nearly all small gregarious creatures to combine in their attacks on an hereditary foe of greater power than any one of them separately. Another writer, who found over fifty sand-martins huddled together in a torpid condition, thinks these birds sometimes remain all the winter truly hibernating like bats or dormice. But all the naturalists are against him. Martins have been observed on the wing as late as the day of the saint their namesake, 11th of November. A more interesting letter is that of Mr. J. T. Carrington, who protests against the gradual extermination of many of our wild flowers, ferns, and plants. Bog asphodels, the rare and beautiful sundews, and wild daffodils are among the plants of which the disappearance appears to be going on at the most alarming rate.

SITOWS.—The entries for the midwinter display at Islington include 293 cattle, 191 sheep, and 60 pigs, being, as compared with 1884, a decrease of 16 in the sheep and 7 in the pigs, but an increase of 32 in the cattle. The total amount of money offered in various forms is 3,464/-, so that the "honours" are a good deal more than "honorary," and "prizes" have developed into "profits."—The poultry and pigeons shown at the Crystal Palace are a tremendous collection, exceeding by several hundreds the formidable total of last year.—A very large Show of poultry and pigeons was held at Perth last week, and proved a great success, the number of entries being very large and the attendance good. The extent to which these two "fancies" have developed of recent years is very surprising, and special birds sometimes fetch as much money as an ordinary cow or horse.

QUINCES.—The "Bedfordshire Farmer," whose letter we inserted last week, has real complaint if any dealer told him his quinces were not worth the marketing. We endeavoured on Saturday last to obtain some quinces in Covent Garden, and the price demanded was sixpence for a rather large—not remarkably large—quince at one shop, and fourpence for quite a small one at another. Inquiring another day at a fruiterer's in a less expensive part of the town, we were asked fourpence for a quince of moderate size. Surely these prices would pay. The tree grows very well in marshy and wet soils, which it helps to sublimate. It may be grown for its lovely blossom, even by those whose tastes do not incline towards the fruit itself.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

A NEW dynamite gun was tried lately in New York Harbour, and is said to have given successful results. This gun is sixty feet in length, and has a bore of eight inches. It may be truly described as a gigantic pea-shooter—for compressed air, instead of gunpowder, is the force employed to drive the projectile forward. The air is compressed in six huge reservoirs, capable of sustaining a pressure of 2,500 lbs. to the square inch, but the pressure actually used in the gun is 1,000 lbs. to the square inch. This pressure is applied gradually to the base of the projectile, so that there is little chance of the dynamite contained in the shell exploding in the barrel by percussion. The dynamite shell contains a charge of 100 lbs. of that explosive. In case the projectile should fall into the water and fail to explode, there is provided in it a dry battery, which, directly it is wetted by contact with the water, will explode the charge by the electric current. The range of the gun is about one mile and a half, so that it would have little chance on seaboard against modern naval guns, which have a far longer range. Its principal use will doubtless be for harbour defence.

There seems to be just now quite a rage for turning inland cities into seaports by means of ship canals. The last proposal of this nature comes from an Italian engineer, Mr. Gabassi, who suggests that Rome should be connected with the sea by a channel fifteen and a half miles in length. The proposed canal, which it is estimated would cost nearly seven millions and a half sterling, would have a width at the bottom of seventy-two feet and a depth of twenty-six feet, so that merchant ships of the largest kind could take advantage of it.

The explosive charge which was used the other day to blow up Flood Rock in New York Harbour has been stated to have consisted of dynamite and "rackarock." This last compound has puzzled a great many people, but it appears to be an American fancy name for a composition discovered in 1870, and patented in England by Mr. H. Sprengel. The inventor describes it as a safety explosive, for it can be made and stored without risk. It consists of potassium chlorate, impregnated with an inexpensive oily combustible, such as coal-tar oil. It requires a powerful detonator to explode it, hence the use of dynamite in conjunction with it in the late remarkable explosion at Hell Gate.

Mr. Peter Evans lately read before the Liverpool Engineering Society an interesting paper on the "Application of Compressed Air to Warehouse Requirements." He showed that the cost of working hoists by compressed air was less than that by other systems. In speaking of the application of compressed air for refrigerating purposes, he made a very valuable suggestion, namely, that in warehouses and other places where that form of power is used—and the



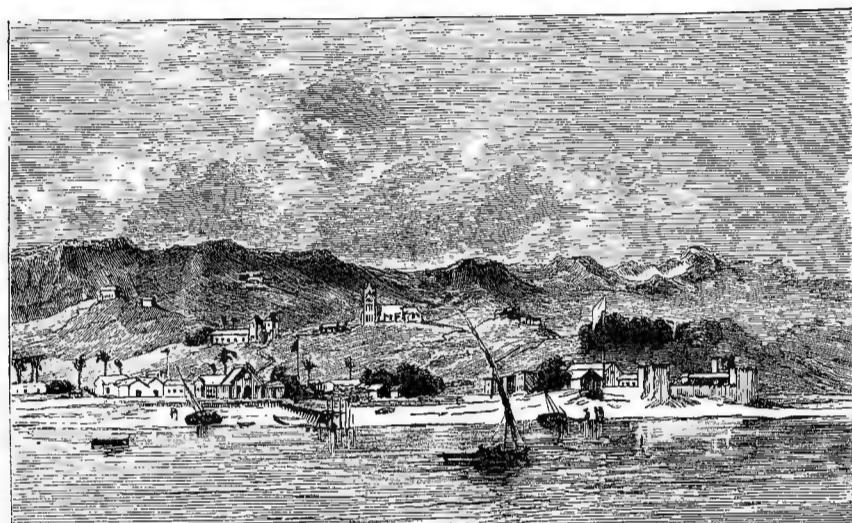
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Premier of the Cape Parliament



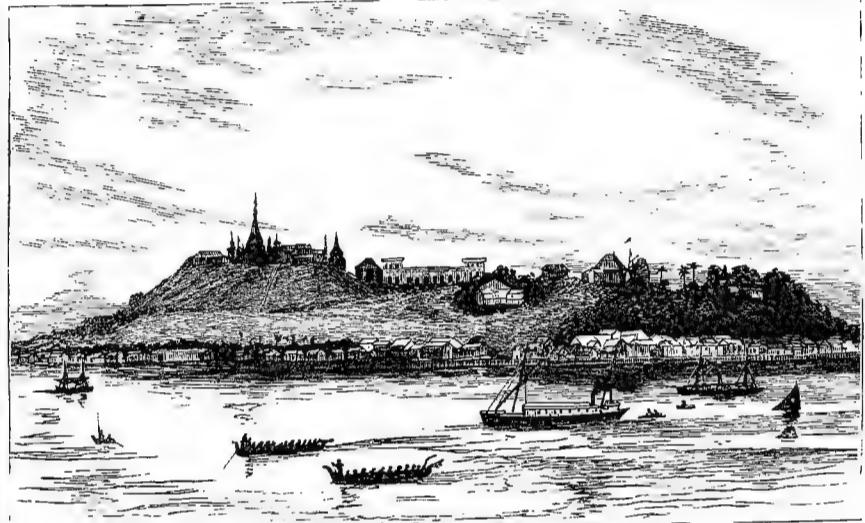
MAJOR-GENERAL H. N. D. PRENDERGAST,
R.E., V.C., C.B.
Commander-in-Chief of the Expedition against
King Theebaw of Burma



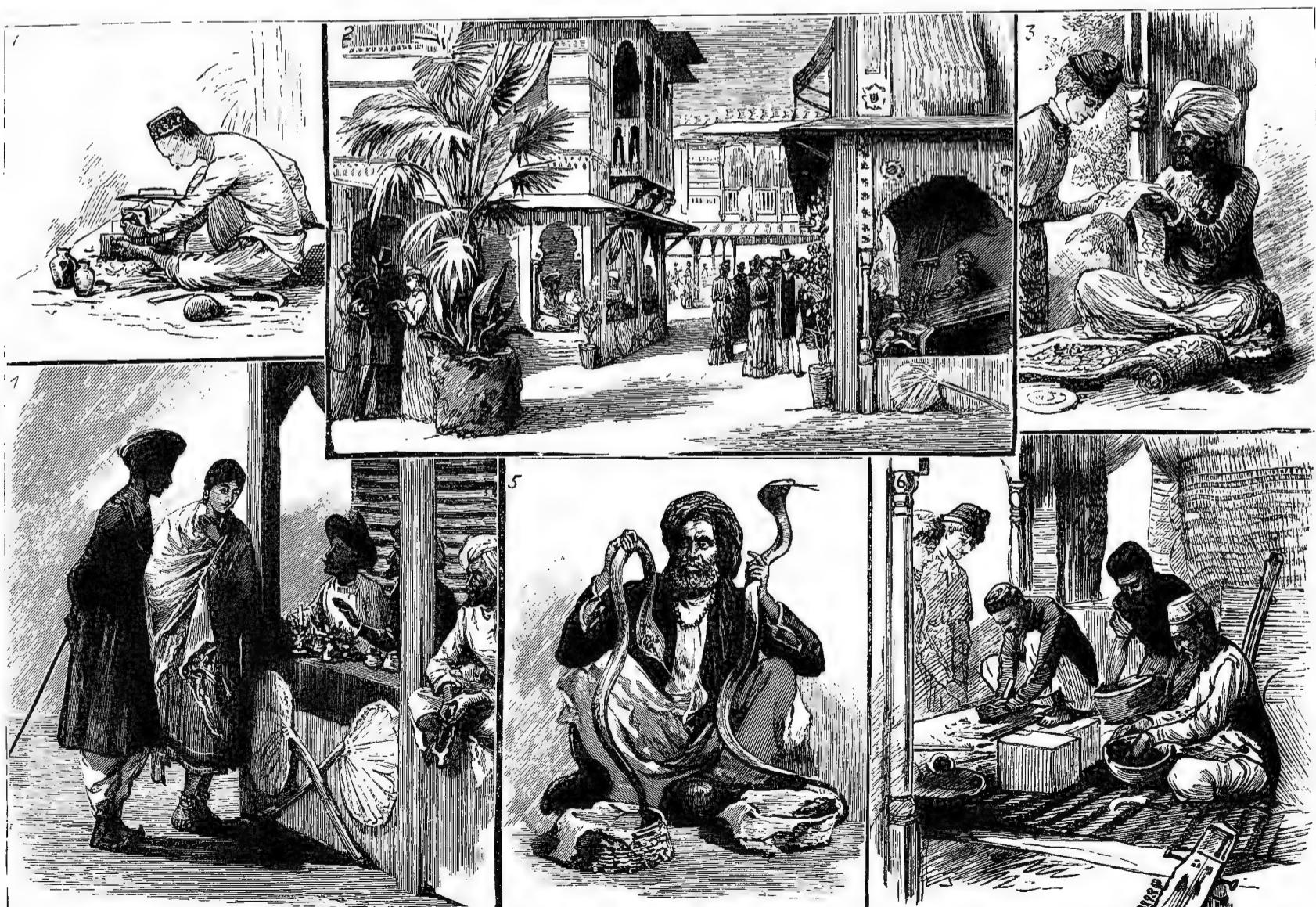
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BRITISH BURMA—THE ISLAND OF MERGUI



1. A Wood Turner
2. A View in the Village

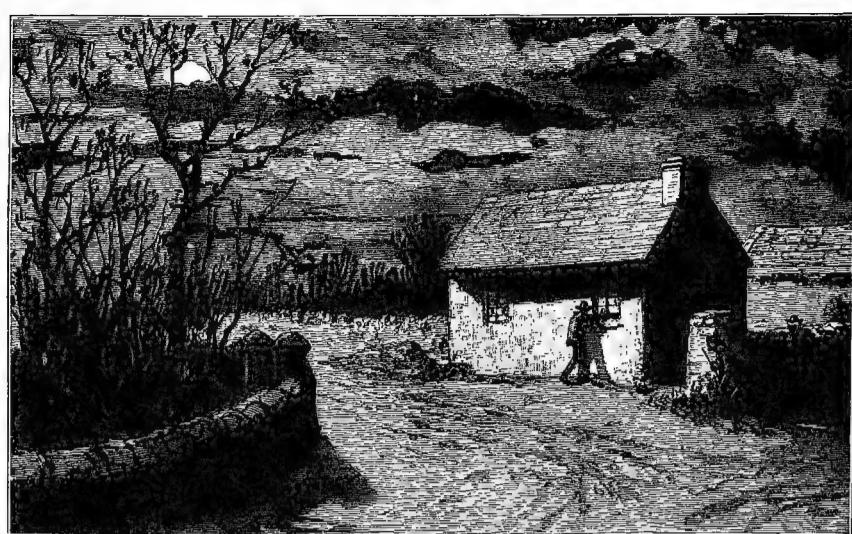
3. Embroiderer
4. Brass God Moulder

5. Snake Charmer
6. Musical Instrument Maker

THE INDIAN VILLAGE AT THE ALBERT PALACE, BATTERSEA



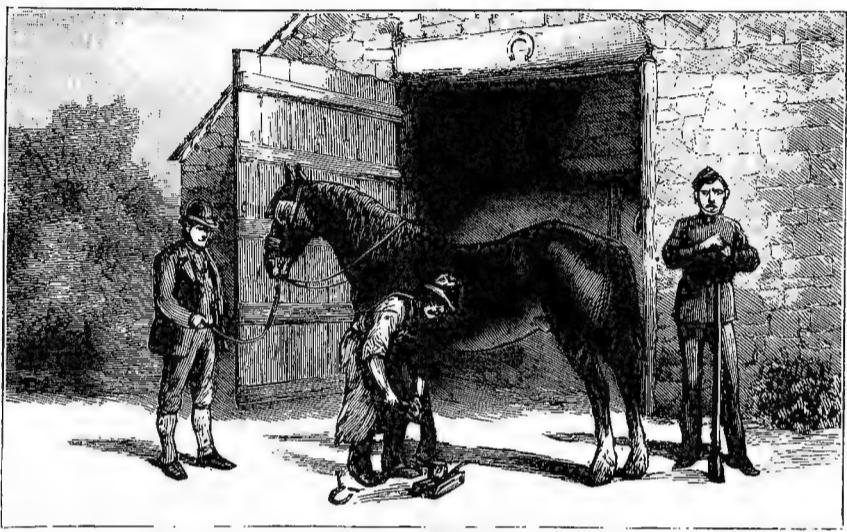
A LOYALIST SHOP ESTABLISHED TO SERVE BOYCOTTED PERSONS



MOONLIGHTERS AT WORK

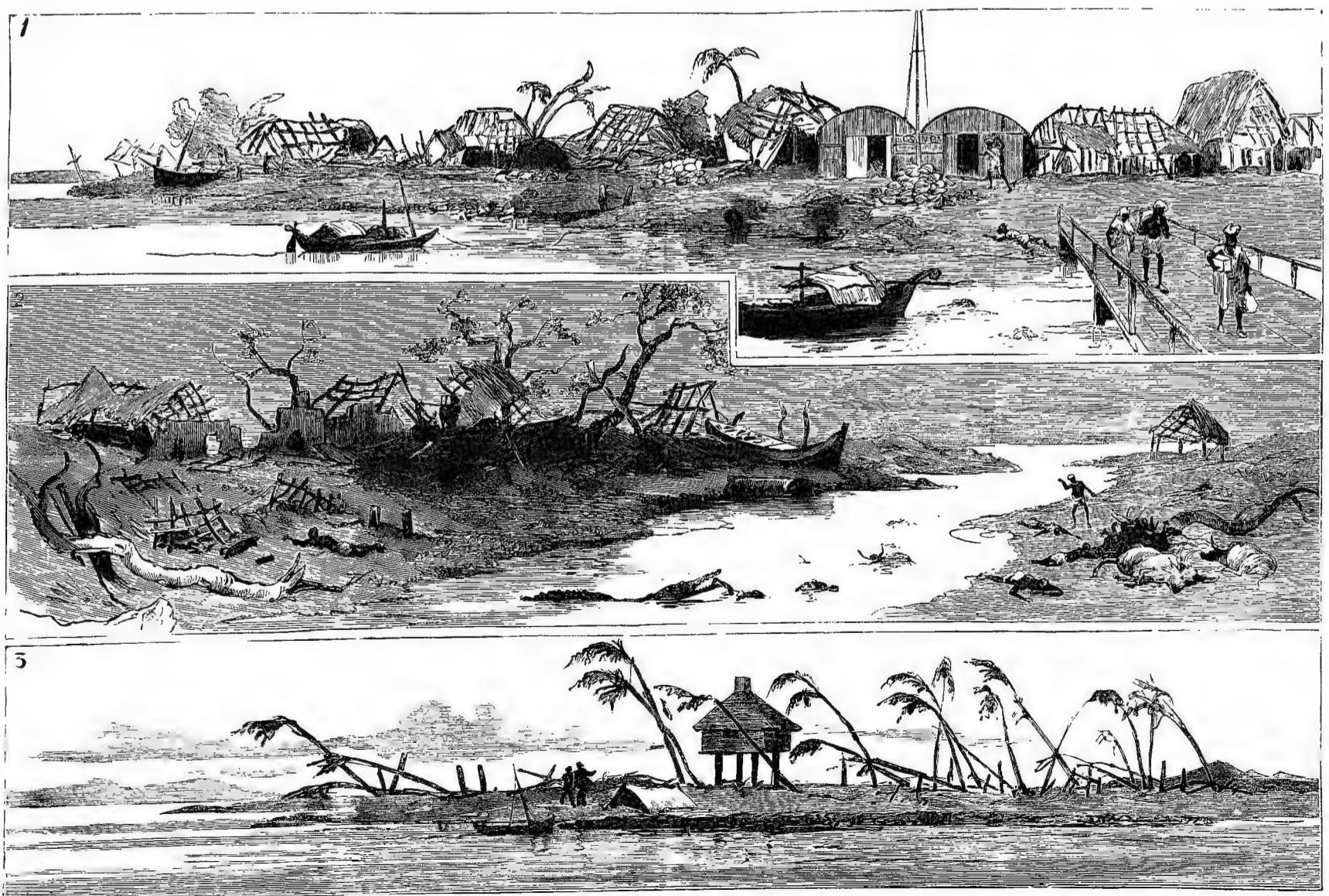


A LOYALIST TENANT RETURNING FROM CHAPEL ON SUNDAY



SHOEING BOYCOTTED HORSES AT A TEMPORARY FORGE

SOME EFFECTS OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE IN IRELAND



1. Chanbally after the Cyclone

2. Scene in the Hansooa Creek

3. Hookitollah, False Point Harbour, after the Cyclone

THE EFFECTS OF A STORM WAVE IN INDIA

use of compressed air is daily increasing—the air after it had done its work should be carried to cellars where dead meat, &c., could be stored, the expansion of the air producing a temperature many degrees below zero, the air itself also being of great purity.

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T. C. H.

LEGAL

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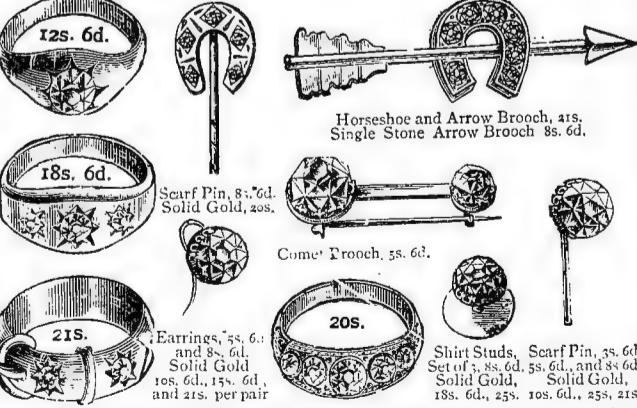


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First Verse.

"What does our darling Daisy weigh?"

Asked a young mother in accents low.

"How many pounds from the crowning curl?"

To the rosy point of the restless toe?"

Grandfather ties the kerchief knot,

Tenderly guides the swinging weight,

And carefully over his glasses peers."

To read the record. Only eight!"

Softly the echoes around.

The father laughs at the tiny girl;

The fair young mother sings the words,

While grandmother smooths the golden curl,

And, stooping above the precious thing,

Nestles a kiss in a prayer;

Murmuring softly, "Little one!"

Grandfather did not weigh you fair.

Third Verse.

"Grandfather did not weigh your soul,

For this, on earth, no weights there be,

But One alone there is who knows

Its value in eternity."

Oh, mother, laugh your merry note,

Brook and glad, but ne'er forget,

From Daisy's eyes look out a soul

That claims a home in Eden yet.

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Parliamentary Elections and Electioneering in the Old Days

BY JOSEPH GREGO.—I.

THIS TOPIC HAS AN ADDITIONAL INTEREST at the present time; but, apart from any accidental attraction, it may recommend itself to the attention of those who admire the strong national features inseparable from Electioneering, pecu-

led one in person. Electioneering developed into a fine art, and can claim many of the most distinguished statesmen as proficients in the craft. It will be sufficient to mention amongst the ranks of accomplished masters of Electioneering tactics, the Duke of Wharton,

Election feasting, with their attendant incidents of bribery, turbulence, and intrigue may be listened to with incredulity as fictions of a bygone age.

(1) Although not strictly a contemporaneous picture of the event, the



NO. 1, SIR R. WALPOLE CHAIRED ("ROBIN'S PROGRESS"), 1701

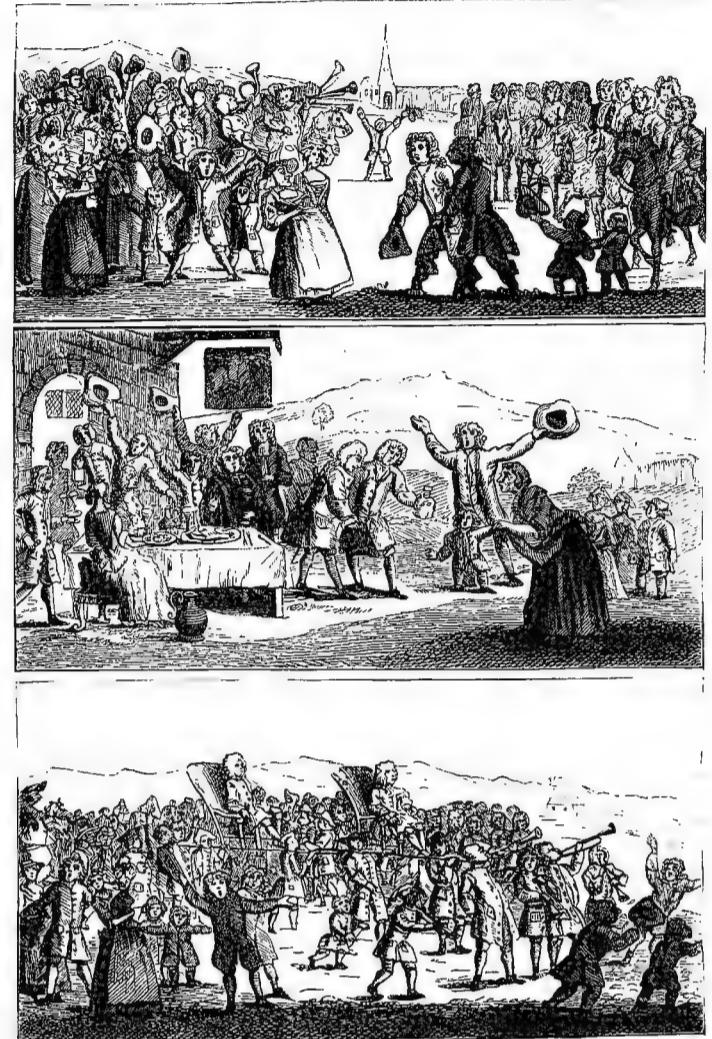


NO. 4, KENTISH ELECTION ("HAWKINS'S COLLECTION"), 1734



NO. 3, HUMOURS OF THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION, OR THE SCALD MISERABLE INDEPENDENT ELECTORS IN THE SUDS ("HAWKINS'S COLLECTION"), 1747

the Duchess of Marlborough, Sir Robert Walpole, Pulteney, the Pelhams, Bubb Dodington, the Duke of Grafton, Wilkes, John Horne Tooke, the great Earl of Chatham, Lord Holland, Lord North, Charles James Fox, the first Lord Lonsdale, William Pitt, Sheridan, Whitbread, Sir Francis Burdett, Cobden, Canning, Hunt, Sir Robert Peel, Daniel O'Connell, Lord Grey, Lord John Russell, Lord Althorpe, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Palmerston. A further interest attaches to this subject, for the striking characteristics of Electioneering, as practised in the old days, belong to the past, and its records are but traditions in the present, and with the modifying influence of progress and a more advanced civilisation, the time may come when the narration of the robustious scenes of canvassing, polling, chairing, and

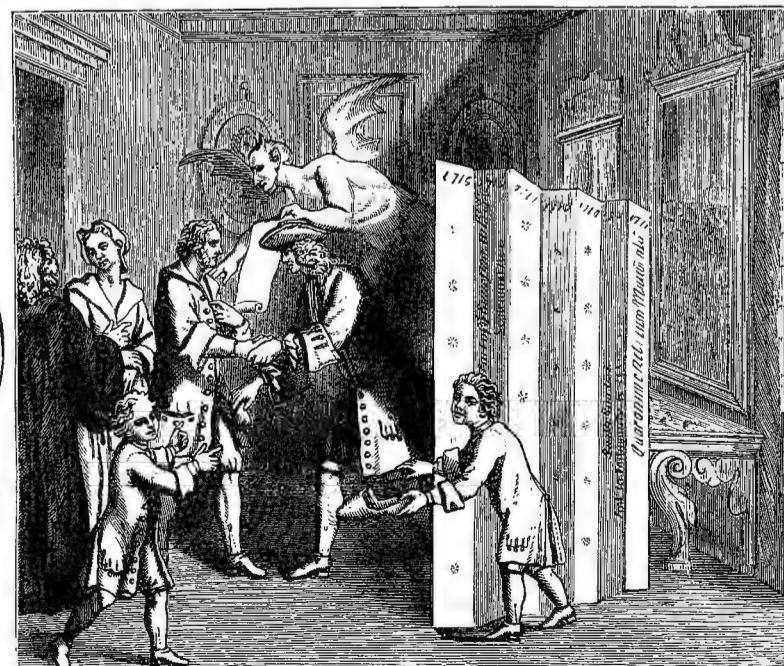


NO. 5, HUMOURS OF A COUNTRY ELECTION ("HAWKINS'S COLLECTION"), 1734

engraving, which represents the Chairing of Sir Robert Walpole (No. 1) on his Election for Castle Rising, Norfolk, 1701, comes earliest in the present Election illustrations as regards the date of the incident depicted. It forms one of a series of eight plates, which, under the title of "ROBIN'S Progress," satirically delineates the career of Sir Robert Walpole. The newly-elected member is raised aloft by his supporters; there are a few bludgeon-men among his followers. Hats are thrown into the air, and a general sense of satisfaction is shown to prevail; one of the party exclaims, "No bribery, no corruption!" A group of more distrustful persons is pictured in the foreground; an elector observes, "I wish we mayn't be deceived," while his confederate declares he "smells a rat;" whatever "undue influence" may have been hinted on this occasion, Walpole had not at that early date (1701) developed the arts of corruption and Electioneering, even then synonymous terms; his proficiency in these branches was of later growth.



NO. 6, TO THE INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER; VERNON AND EDWIN ("HAWKINS'S COLLECTION"), 1741



NO. 2, THE PREVAILING CANDIDATE, OR THE ELECTION CARRIED BY BRIBERY BY THE D—L ("DR. NEWTON'S COLLECTION"), 1721

(2) In 1721, when in March the first of the succession of triennial Parliaments was dissolved, the country was already in a state of ferment at the prospect of the coming contest; violence was now utilised in new methods, and in some cases voters were carried off forcibly, and locked up until the Election was over. The

574
Tories did not allow Walpole to triumph without a struggle, although, by a lavish employment of his universal salve, gold, he managed to diminish the influence of his opponents and of the mobocracy, and in the new House the Government secured a powerful majority, leaving the Tory organs towards the close of the



NO. 13, HOGARTH: THE ELECTION AT OXFORD—CANVASSING, 1754

Elections, when the results were no longer doubtful, to vent their spleen in political squibs and caricatures; one of these, entitled "The Prevailing Candidate; or the Election carried by Bribery and the D—l" (No. 2), 1721, is, according to all accounts, the earliest existing caricature upon the subject of Electioneering, and is



NO. 12, ALL THE WORLD IN A HURRY, OR THE ROAD FROM LONDON TO OXFORD ("HAWKINS'S COLLECTION"), 1754

and Pulteney in the *Craftsman*, and the intrigues of the former with the Duchess of Kendal, the mistress of George I., were a disappointment to the Tories and Patriots, *i.e.*, Jacobites. On the death of George I. their prospects were even less promising. Queen Caroline, the Consort of George II., was the steadfast friend of Walpole, and although the Bolingbroke faction paid their court to the mistress of the new King, as they had done in the last reign to that of his predecessor, they gained nothing by their motion, as George II. was governed by his wife in political questions. The hopes placed by the Tories in the Elections were altogether frustrated, in the Parliament chosen in 1727 the Ministerial majority was greater than before, and their opponents were reduced to vent their mortification in strictures against the bribery, corruption, undue influence, and secret intrigues, in which they themselves were such adepts.

Of the few caricatures to which this contest gave rise, that best known is entitled "Ready Money—The Prevailing Candidate; or, the Humours of an Election," (No. 9), 1727, and even in this the satirical allusions appear to have a general, rather than a specific application. This picture, like most of the caricatures of the time, is slightly allegorical; the scene is evidently the outskirts of a town; colossal statues of "Folly" and "Justice" are shown at either side. As the title implies, bribery is the motive power of the entire action; in the centre is a figure with his back to the spectator, the rear of this person's coat is covered with pockets, into which those interested in the work of buying votes are dropping money; the recipient is declaring:—"No bribery, but pockets are free."

The laws against Bribery provision may make,
Yet the means will be found, both to give and to take:
While charms are in flatt'ry, and power in gold,
Men will be corrupted, and liberty sold!

names of "Vane and Dering," the successful candidates, in whose honour, with that of the "Country Interest"—*i.e.*, Tory—which they had pledged themselves to promote, the followers of their party



NO. 18, A SAFE PLACE—WILKES IN THE TOWER, 1763

wear sprigs of oak in their hats—a memorial of the Restoration of the Stuarts.

(5) "The Humours of a Country Election" (No. 5), 1734. This



NO. 17, THE EFFIGY—BURNING A PRIME MINISTER ("DR. NEWTON'S COLLECTION"), 1756

moreover one of the best examples of these productions as published in the reign of George I.

The candidate, it is implied, is a court-nominee; the screen is used to conceal the true movers of the wires who are at the back of the canvasser; their reflection is shown in the mirror behind.



NO. 11, BRITANNIA DISTURBED BY FRENCH VAGRANTS—LORD TRENTHAM FOR WESTMINSTER ("HAWKINS'S COLLECTION"), 1749

The wooden shoes symbolise a threatened relapse to slavery; the screen is to typify the seven years of the last Parliament—the first of the Septennial Parliaments—the year 1716 is marked "the Septennial Act"—part of the Succession Act repealed; 1720 registers the "South Sea Act—Act to indemnify South Sea Villains," and 1721 the "Quarantine Act, cum multis aliis"—the other years are blanks; the personage bribed is the Mayor of the place; these functionaries for a long time held the elections in their power, and were amenable to corrupt treatment; in fact, they were expected to make the bargain most advantageous for the Court of Liverymen in whom the votes were generally vested. Hence the "old saw," "Money makes the Mayor to go."

(9) The Elections of 1727, in spite of the exertions of Bolingbroke

(4) An animated representation of a hustings appeared under the title of "The Kentish Election" (No. 4), 1734. The locality of the gathering here represented is probably Maidstone in Kent; a large open space on the outskirts of the town is the scene of the action; the candidates, environed by their numerous supporters, are raised above the multitude. In the foreground a mounted clergyman is at the head of a procession of his flock, all wearing favours in their hats, and professing themselves supporters of the Protestant interest, *i.e.*, Whigs; two of them carry "gauges" in their hands to indicate that they are gaugers or excisemen—*i.e.*, placemen; it must be noted that the chief grievance against Walpole and his administration at this time was the attempt to tax tobacco and wines; the Opposition party cry is "No Excise," with the



NO. 15, HOGARTH: THE OXFORDSHIRE ELECTION—CHAIRING, 1754

print is sufficiently described in the advertisement which announced its publication in the *Grub Street Journal* (No. 533):—

A motley mixture! in long wigs in bags,
In silks, in crepes, in Garters, and in rags;
From Drawing-Rooms, from Colleges, from Garrets,
On horse, on foot, in Hacks,
in gilded Chariots.



NO. 19, HOGARTH: WILKES A PATRIOT, 1763



NO. 20, HOGARTH: A BEAR-LEADER, WILKES AND CHURCHILL, 1763



NO. 7, THE SPY—MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION OF INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER, 1747

With a curious frontispiece explanatory of the same in the following particulars:—

I. The candidate welcomed into the town by music and electors on horseback, attended by a mob of men, women, and children. The candidates saluting the women, and amongst them a poor cobbler's wife, to whose child they very courteously offer to stand God-father. II. The candidates are very complaisant to a country clown, and offering presents (a bag marked 50/-) to the wife and

colleague, Charles Edwin, Esq., "appeared with a copy of verses 'To the Independent and Worthy Electors of this Ancient City of Westminster'" (No. 6, 1747). The candidates are exhibited before the front of Covent Garden Church; seated at a table, in the portico beneath, are the poll clerks, with the returning officer, casting up the votes; one clerk is directing a list to be set down in the "Poll Book" for "Vernon and Edwin"; while the representative of the other side says, "Few for my Lord." Vernon's



NO. 16, HOGARTH: BUBB DODINGTON (LORD MELCOMBE REGIS) AND THE EARL OF WINCHELSEA, 1753

minster" held their anniversary festival, at Vintner's Hall, on the 19th March, 1747. On the conclusion of the business of the afternoon, and after the festivities, toasts, as was customary, began to be proposed. *The London Evening Post* gives a list of these healths, beginning with "The King;" but as an implication of Jacobite proclivities, it is added in another paper that the Royal health was honoured in the recognised Jacobite fashion—to "Charley over the Water;"—"Each man having a glass of water on the left hand, and waving the glass of wine over the water,"—but this accusation was probably a bold electioneering *ruse*.

According to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "Amidst this mirth, one Mr. Williams, Master of the White Horse in Piccadilly, being observed to make memoranda with a pencil, gave such offence that he was severely cuffed and kicked out of the company." It appears that a Jacobite complexion was given to the rather forcible expression of public contempt bestowed upon the Ministerial notetaker, who was branded as "The Spy" (7). A spirited version of this incident, executed closely in the manner of Hogarth, exhibits the ignominious ejection of the disconcerted Williams, who, in his flight, has dropped paper marked "List of the persons, &c."

(8) The Parliamentary dissolution followed in June, 1747, when the favourite manœuvre of those in power was to recklessly accuse their opponents of belonging to the Stuart faction. The Government



NO. 8, THE TWO-SHILLING BUTCHER, WESTMINSTER ("HAWKINS'S COLLECTION"), 1747

children. The candidates making an entertainment for the electors and their wives, to whom they show great respect; at the upper end of the table the parson of the parish sitting, his clerk standing by him. III. The place of electing and polling, with mob attending. The members elect carried in procession in chairs, upon men's

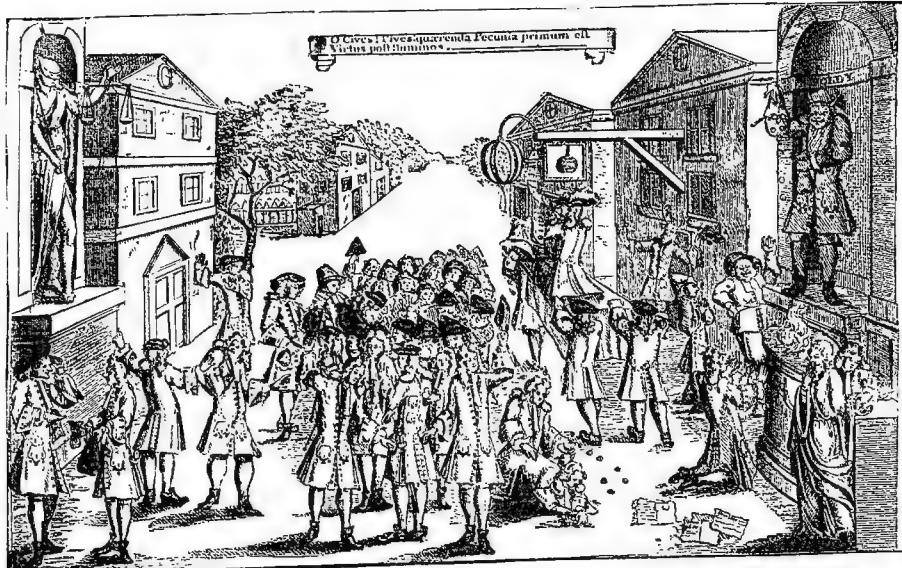


NO. 10, GREAT BRITAIN'S UNION, OR THE LICHFIELD RACES ("HAWKINS'S COLLECTION"), 1747

ships are shown in the distance; the favoured Admiral himself, with laced cocked hat and a staff in his right hand, is declaring, "For the Glory of Britain, down with the Spaniards;" Charles Edwin is declaring his sentiments to be for "My King and my Country;" the candidates of the Opposition are

candidates for Westminster were Admiral Sir Peter Warren and Lord Trentham, the son of Earl Gower, who had formerly been in opposition.

Both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cumberland are said to have canvassed in person at this Election, on opposite sides. The



NO. 3, READY-MONEY, THE PREVAILING CANDIDATE, OR THE HUMOURS OF AN ELECTION ("DR. NEWTON'S COLLECTION"), 1727

shoulders, with music playing before them; attended by a mob of men, women, and children huzzing them. To which is added the character of a Trimmer in verse, &c."

(6) A pictorial version of the scene of the Westminster Election, 1741, dedicated "to the brave Admiral Vernon and his worthy

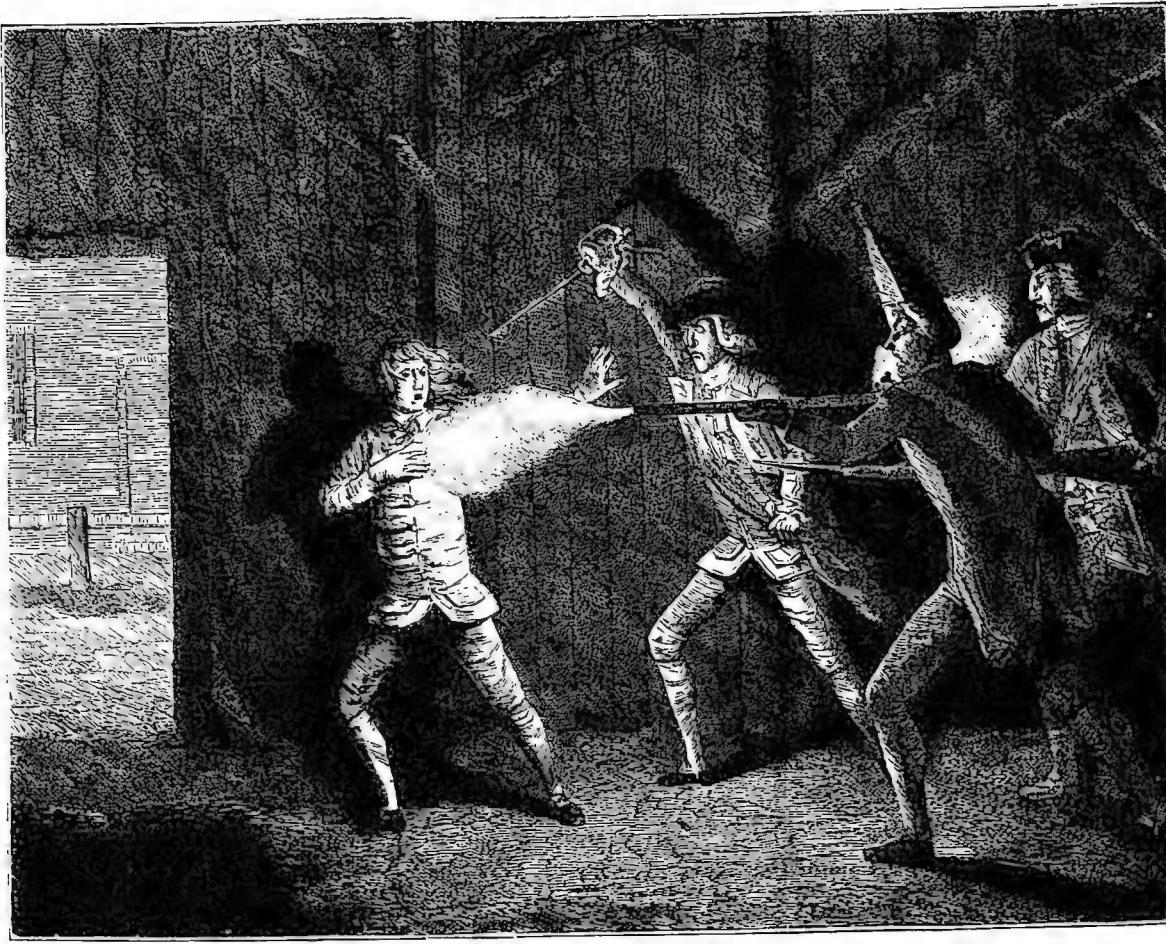
re-cived with enthusiasm, "Vernon for ever, no dribblers here;" "Edwin at home, Vernon abroad," is shouted by the persons to the left of the picture. Sir Charles Wager, in a dejected state, is exclaiming, "I don't know where to put up next." Lord Sundon, represented as a mere "fribble," is in conference with Justice De Veil, who had a large share in the control of the Westminster Election.

(7) "The Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of West-



NO. 14, HOGARTH: THE OXFORDSHIRE ELECTION—POLLING, 1754

Ministerial candidates are introduced in a well-executed caricature entitled "The Two Shilling Butcher" (No. 8), 1747. Lord Trentham, a dandified personage, dressed in the extreme of French taste, is shown in conference with the "Two Shilling Butcher," who is alleged to represent the Culloden Duke. "Curse me," says the affected lordling, "you'd buy me the brutes at 2s. per head *bona fide!*" To which the Butcher is replying, "My Lord, there being a fatality in the cattle, that there is 3,000 above my cut, tho' I



NO. 21. WILKES AND LIBERTY RIOTS, 1768—"A SCOTCH VICTORY"—MURDER OF ALLEN BY A GRENADIER—MASSACRE OF ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS ("HAWKINS'S COLLECTION")

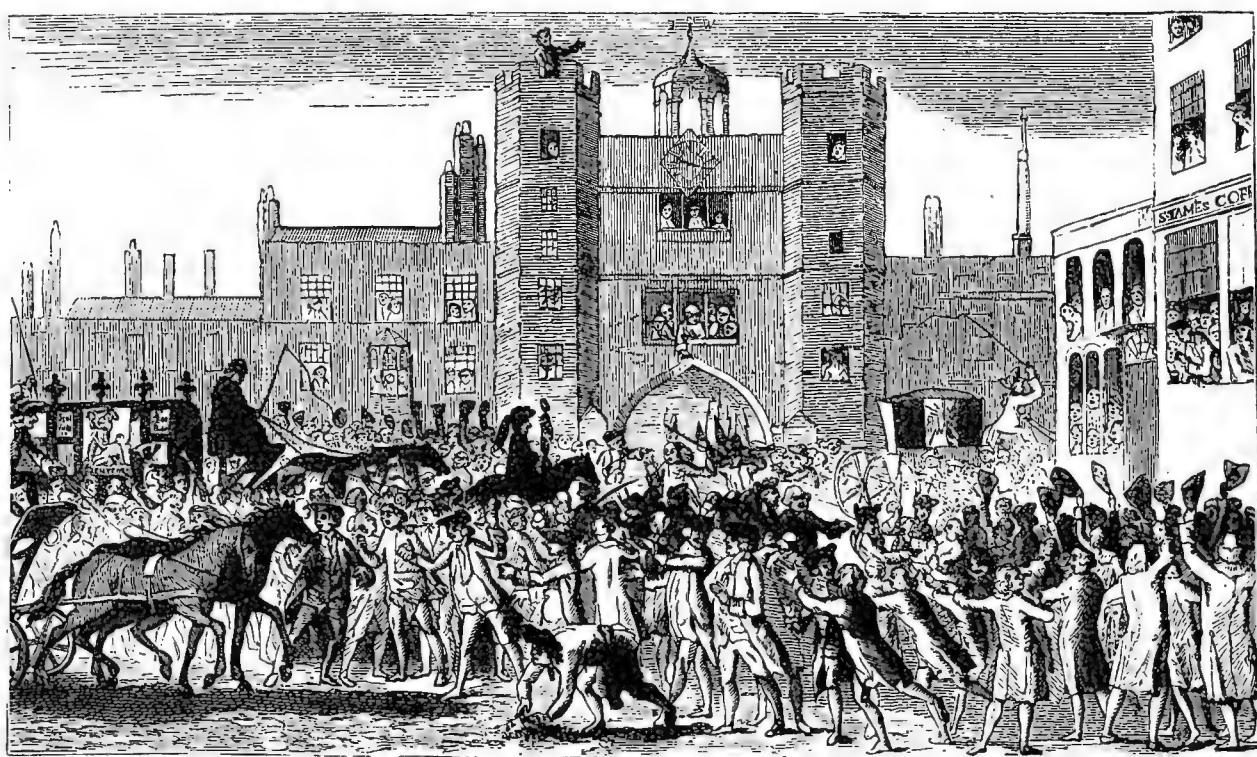
offered handsome." The 3,000 presumably refers to the Independent Association; but these Electors seem, from the sequel, to have gone over to the majority, and the Government nominees were returned triumphantly.

(3) Other caricatures appeared on the same subject; one of these, in compliment to the latest novelty of the time, was entitled the Scottish Rebellion, "The Jaco-Independo-Rebello-Plaido." In this version the business of the Election is represented to take place before Westminster Hall. The two parties and their distinctive head-quarters, established at taverns, are represented. One side is appropriated to Ministerialists at the sign of Jolly Bacchus and the (Rabbit) Warren. The most prominent figure is a butcher who is waving a scroll endorsed "Trentham and Warren;" and is surrounded by partisans; Admiral Sir Peter Warren's sailors are asserting "bludgeon law"; the people are pushing to the Governmental head-quarters, crying "No independency" and "No Pretender," as if the terms were synonymous; and a person is offering the butcher a paper, "They squeak." The head-quarters of the opposite party is shown as a Jacobite house. The flag displayed indicates "Morgan's Ghost," the well-known Jacobite barrister who had the misfortune to be implicated in the abortive rising of 1745. The adherents rallying round this questionable house, are dressed for the most part in plaids, and wear Scotch bonnets, to imply their Jacobite sympathies. This caricature was republished, with the hustings at Covent Garden substituted for Westminster Hall. The title was changed to "The Humours of the Westminster Election; or, the Scald Miserable Independent Electors in the Suds" (No. 3, 1747).

(10) Jacobite imputations are farther conveyed in the pictorial version of "Great Britain's Union, or the Litchfield Races" (No. 10, 1747). Both Whig and Tory parties, not content with the legitimate and recognised contests of the hustings, and their ultimate goal, the Senate, carried their partisan proclivities on to the race course, and Ministerial and Opposition stakes were alternately put into competition on the same turf. Various freaks of an extravagant nature were performed, ladies and gentlemen of the patriotic faction appearing dressed in Scottish plaids. In the design this circumstance is embodied: a party of enthusiasts, assembled in a booth on the course, are toasting the Pretender, whose sun is seen in the distance, depicted as in the ascendant. A despondent grenadier outside the Jacobite headquarters is grumbling, "We are rode by Germans;" overhead several hands are seen clasped, with the suggestive legend, "A-greed." A Frenchified person, pointing to the gamecock



NO. 22. THE MIDDLESEX ELECTION—SCENE AT THE BRENTFORD HUSTINGS: PROCTOR AND GLYNN, 1768



NO. 23. SEQUEL TO THE BATTLE OF TEMPLE BAR—PRESENTING LOYAL ADDRESS AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE, 1769

fighting his own reflection, is denounced as the Duke (of Bedford) in no measured terms, under his right arm is the whip with which the Duke was castigated, and in the left hand of this valorous bravo is a paper, "We have courage." The Scotch plaid-clad jockey riding for the Chevalier is beating the Hanoverian jockey on the traditional "white horse," a fanciful travesty of the true facts.

(11) In 1749, Lord Trentham having been appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty, had to vacate his seat, and every exertion was made by the Opposition to hinder his re-election. With this view they held consultations, agreed to resolutions, and set up a private gentleman named Sir George Vandeput. Lord Trentham, who was the patron of a company of French players, was accused of Gallic sympathies, and the caricaturists endorsed this view in "Britannia Disturbed, or an Invasion by French Vagrants, addressed to the worthy Electors of the City of Westminster" (No. 11, 1749); Lord Trentham is trying to force these importations on Britannia, who is nursing "Luny" (Rich), and "Fribble;" these she declares "are my only Theatrical children, I will cherish no Foreign vagrants." "Peg" Trentham, with drawn sword, is asserting that he will force these "entertaining dear creatures" down the throat of the nation; the Strollers are like marionettes, and wear wooden shoes, as a hint of French neediness. Earl Gower declares "my long-headed son will smart for this scheme." "Push on, my Lord," is the encouragement of "a subscriber," "Bludgeon-men at two shillings a day" engaged for the Election, are making a demonstration of force, and shouting for their employer's glorification.

(12) The London and the Oxfordshire contests, of 1754, were regarded by Ministers as of the utmost consequence; they are given pictorially in a carefully engraved print, entitled "All the World in a Hurry, or the Road from London to Oxford," (No. 12), April, 1754; at the extremities of the plate are views of the cities, to these the candidates and their supporters are proceeding on horse and foot, by two opposite lines of road. In the lower division the city contest is epitomised.

The half of this engraving having reference to the Oxfordshire Elections may be taken as an introduction to Hogarth's famous series of "The Election;" the actual candidates, besides the contest being set forth in this earlier version.

The two horsemen galloping in advance of their competitors represent Lord Wenman and Sir James Dashwood, the "True Blue" candidates, who gained the head of the poll, and were returned as "sitting members," but were afterwards, "on a controverted Election petition," displaced to make room for Lord Parker and Sir Edward Turner, the representatives of the ruling party, who had been supported from the first with the entire Government



interest; and by a decision of the House of Commons were ultimately seated.

(13, 14, 15, 16) The Elections in Oxfordshire were marked by an animated conflict, the Jacobite faction was still strong there, although the comparatively recent fate of those who had declared for the Pretender served to keep these sympathies within discreet limits. The contest was strongly marked by incidents which have survived in the four famous Election pictures painted by William Hogarth, the unequalled originals of which, still in fine condition, are now somewhat lost to the public, in Sir John Soane's Museum, but of which the engravings are most familiar. Hogarth sold the series to his friend David Garrick for the modest price of 200 guineas; at the sale of Mrs. Garrick's effects in 1823, they were secured by Sir John Soane for the correspondingly moderate sum of 1,732*10s.* The Election entertainment was exhibited at Spring Gardens in 1761. These characteristic satires seem to apply to Electioneering episodes in general, not only of the eighteenth century, but within the present; allusions, however, show that these pictures are composed of studies for the most part drawn from life, and founded on the actualities of the 1754 contest in Oxfordshire. The plates of "Canvassing," (No. 13), "Polling," (No. 14), and "Chairing the Member" (No. 15), are engraved among the illustrations. The figures of George Bubb Dodington (Lord Melcombe Regis), and the Earl of Winchelsea are presumed to be introduced by Hogarth into his plate of "Chairing the Member." The figure enjoying that perilous distinction bears a strong, and probably not altogether accidental resemblance to that of the Manager of the Leicester House

(Continued on page 570)



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"Maskelyne had arisen, and walked to the window. He appeared to have forgotten Fraser, and did not even answer the question."

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Coals of Fire," "Val Strange," "Hearts," "A Model Father," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PROFOUNDLY as Mr. Vroblewskoff objected to the publication of Farley's device, Athanor Zeno was genuinely charmed by the device itself. There were one or two things which needed clearing up, however, and he sat with great patience, and listened to the talk of Farley and Dobroski, putting in his own word now and then. When Farley and Dobroski, putting in his own word now and then. When

Zeno arose also, and took the road with him. Austin objected to the

companionship, but the objection was not strong enough to induce

him to terminate it rudely.

"Forgive me, sir," said Zeno, "if I return to the discussion of

your plan. It is not so easy to administer an opiate as you seem to

fancy."

"No?" returned Austin, curtly.

"Your man would know he had been drugged."

"Possibly," said Austin, more curtly still.

"How would you propose to get over that?" asked Zeno. "If

the wine is drugged its taste betrays it. If the man is forced to take the

opiate, what is the use of all the pretence of the three rooms, which

look so like each other? How is he to be persuaded to take the

drug?"

This was a real question to Mr. Zeno, but Austin did not care to

enlighten him.

"In books," resumed Zeno, "you do what you like, but in real

life your scheme would not act. I begin to see that I was foolishly afraid of it." Austin said nothing. "When you write a book," said Zeno, "you can make anything happen. You can say it happened, and there is an end of it. You can bring people into the way or you can take them out of the way; you can let a man see a thing which will save him, or you can keep him blind and let him be destroyed. You have things all your own way, but in life it is not so."

"Precisely," returned the novelist. He had liked little enough to talk about his work to Dobroski in this man's presence, and to talk to the man himself about it was a clear impossibility.

"I am eager about this," pursued Zeno, "for Mr. Dobroski's sake. If you have a real and practical plan—a plan that would work in real life, those fiends of Russia would use it. If it is only a plan for a story book it does not matter."

"Precisely," said the novelist again.

The spy began to see pretty clearly that Vroblewskoff was no more liked by his companion than Zeno had been aforetime. He was not easily repulsed, but he could see as well as another when a continued attack was altogether useless. He saw it now, and pausing at the corner of a street, raised his hat, and with some flourishes of compliment, said his good-byes and went away. The talk between Dobroski and Farley had given him something to think about.

Nobody knew better than Mr. Zeno how his employers would

applaud and pay the man who placed Dobroski in their hands. But then, on the other hand, nobody knew better than he how completely that man would be lost who tried such a trick as Farley had been speaking of, and failed in it. To succeed would be to be covered with glory, that is to say, with glory of such quality as Mr. Zeno coveted. The sort of fame which satisfies one man may even look ugly to another. To be found out—to be foiled—to give reason to the enemies of the master he served for a new outcry against the disregard of national honesty, would be to be lost beyond redemption. It was a big stake to play for, and Zeno had had it in his mind ever since he had been set upon Dobroski's track. But it had been with him as a dream rather than as a plan—a thing to wish for rather than to arrange.

Now that he saw it formulated it looked possible, and if there were difficulties in the way of it, that was true of most things, and was likely to be true of an enterprise which would be so profitable if it succeeded. Nothing venture, nothing have.

Zeno walked homewards, turning the thing over in his mind. Now he was hot about it, now he was cold. At one time the mere fact that Dobroski had himself heard the plan unfolded seemed to make it impossible. At another this went for less than nothing.

When the spy reached his own rooms he found his fellow rascal, Mr. Frost, in waiting there.

"Ha-ha, my Frost," cried Zeno gaily. "How is the world? Have you any more patents? Any new inventions? I am in want

of inventions. Set your clever wits to work and invent me something."

"I have got an extraordinary fine invention for calcining tobacco," said Mr. Frost; "and I've got a dodge for mopping up whisky-and-water out of a tumbler. But I ain't got the materials. If you happen to have 'em any way handy, I'll show you the tricks. I can't swear as they're particularly noo; but they're real effective, I do assure you."

"Ha-ha! Frost is facetious," cried Zeno gaily. "You shall try your experiments. There is a box of cigars and there is brandy. Whisky is a horrible liquid. I do not know how men can drink it. Can you try your experiment on brandy, my dear Frost?"

"The experiment is just as interestin' to the looker-on," returned Frost, "whether brandy or whisky is the medium. I like to experiment with whisky best, myself; but, after all, the difference is triflin'."

"You can ring for water," said Zeno, pulling off overcoat and undercoat together and sitting down in his shirt sleeves. Frost did as he was told, and the water having been ordered and brought, he proceeded with his experiments. "Suppose," said Zeno, selecting a cigar from the box, and lighting it—

"Suppose?" said Frost, seeing that his chief paused.

"Suppose you wanted to drug a man. What would you do?"

"Drug him," said Frost with humorous alacrity.

"I beseech you, my dear Frost," said Mr. Zeno, "not to be too facetious. What would you do?"

"I reckon I should put something in his drink," said Frost.

"Do you think I pay you to be wearisome, and an ass, dear Frost?" inquired Zeno suavely. "Think a little. Suppose you wanted to drug a man, and suppose you did not want the man to know—ever to know—that you had drugged him. How should you do it?"

"Well," said Frost, leaning back with a contemplative look. "I should get somebody else to do it."

"Able creature," returned Zeno. "That will not do. Suppose the man is not to know that he has been drugged at all."

"Why, look here. No. Wait a bit. Yes." Frost took the theme as coolly as if it were an ordinary and everyday subject of converse with him. "I should ask that man to dinner, and I should give him something that would make him bad. I should make him real sick. I shouldn't hurt him if I didn't want to; but I should make him that uncomfortable, he'd be glad to swallow anything to put a stop to it. Then I should ring my bell and I should send out to a chemist or a doctor. I should get a draught, and I shouldn't give it him."

"You would have the right draught ready?" asked Zeno, grinning so broadly that his gums were bare.

"That's what I should do," said Frost.

Zeno sprang to his feet and clapped his companion boisterously between the shoulders.

"Admirable Frost," he said; "you are worth your weight in gold. In new bright sovereigns, fresh from the mint."

"I wish somebody'd buy me at that price, and hand me the money," returned Frost.

"It is good. It is simple. It is capital," cried Zeno, hammering away at Frost's shoulders. "It completes the plan."

"Have you gone mad?" Frost asked, rising and edging away from him.

"No," shouted Zeno; "I have gone sensible. I have gone wise. I have gone wide-awake." And he began to dance wildly and fantastically, snapping his fingers, and droning a tune through his nose after the Turkish manner. After some two or three minutes of this he sat down almost breathless, and laughed pantingly at Frost's face of fear and wonder. "Eureka!" he panted. "Eureka! Eureka!"

"Now you're steady," said Frost, advancing somewhat mis-trustfully with his tumbler in his hand; "take a drop. I'll pull you together maybe."

Zeno sipped, and lay back gasping from his late exertions.

"Do you remember, my admirable Frost," he said after a little while, when he had partly recovered breath, "do you remember that I spoke to you of a fool, a novelist, who was at Janenne with me?"

"The man who guessed that you were a—who knew your business?"

"The delicate Frost!" said Zeno. "The man who knew my business. Yes."

"I remember," returned Frost. "What about him?"

"He is a pearl of men," cried Zeno, creasing his fat cheeks and baring his gapped teeth in an ugly smile. "You know him. You have met him. His name is Farley."

"I've been reading his books," said Frost. "They're a heap smarter than he is."

"He is a man of genius," Zeno answered, laughing outright. "A man of genius."

"I shouldn't say that of him," said Frost with a critical air. "He's smart undoubtedly. That is to say, he's smart on paper. I've had a good deal to do with journalism on the other side, and I've met a lot of people who were smart on paper, without being keen enough to shave without a razor when it came to the ordinary dooties of a citizen. He's one of them fellers who want to be by themselves before they know how smart they are."

"I should love him for a collaborateur," said Zeno.

"Ye-as?" returned Frost, scraping at his cheek with his finger nails, and opening his mouth to its widest to make the operation satisfactory. "That innocent-looking frontispiece would be worth a trifle to him. It's a pity to look too keen, ain't it? But what's set you admiring him?"

"His native talent, dear Frost," said Zeno, with a sudden change of manner. "You do not happen, I suppose, to have such a thing as a yard measure with you?"

"No," said Frost, eyeing him curiously. "I'll be hanged if I can make you out at all."

"No? Not at all? You flatter me. I love to be impenetrable." He set his back against the wall of the room and paced solemnly. "Five yards, is it not? And the other way it is about six." He paced the length of the room. "Yes, six. I am going to refurbish my rooms," he said then, with an air of self-admiring humour which was bewildering to his companion. "I do not like this furniture. I am going to change it. And since I have the idea in my mind I will set about it at once. Good-bye, dear Frost, I am going to see an upholsterer. Shall we meet again this evening? Say at seven, at Corti's. We will dine there."

Frost, thus dismissed, finished his brandy-and-water, relit his cigar, and went away. Zeno, being left alone, laid a sheet of paper on the table and sharpened a lead pencil, laughing to himself at times. Then he began to draw up an inventory.

"Let me see," he said, pausing in the midst of this task. "I had better have something nice and glaring, and English, here and there. Something noticeable, to catch the eye. A gaudy chromolithograph or two. One or two plaster casts on brackets. Minor differences will pass; but we must risk nothing. A suspicion would spoil all. We might have to kill him to keep him quiet, and that would be a pity."

"These English fireplaces are like nothing else in the world. I will have a mantelshelf and a curtain. These windows are not like French windows, or Austrian. Shutters fastened, blinds down, curtains. Yes. It must pass for night time when he wakes."

"But the street-noises? We must have houses in the country. In a town the foreign clocks alone would betray us. The shape of

the rooms? The way in which they communicate with each other? Is My clever Mr. Farley, it is so much easier on paper than it is in fact."

"It will be expensive? What of that? They would give a million to have him. He knows everything. He is the mainspring of everything."

He finished his inventory, washed, and attired himself for the streets. Then he sauntered out, hailed a cab, and was driven to a cheap upholsterer's in Tottenham Court Road. There he ordered a triple supply of everything he had noted down, one set to be sent to his own address in London, and the two others to be packed separately in stout crates for transport by rail.

The tradesman thought the order curious; but the foreign gentleman who gave it having paid twenty pounds down, and undertaking to pay the rest when the goods were ready for delivery, he forbore to puzzle himself about it.

In three or four days' time the old furniture was removed from Mr. Zeno's apartments, and the new furniture, glossy new and sticky as to the wood-work, and glaringly vulgar as to pictures, carpet, mirrors, curtains, and hearth-rugs, was all arranged in its place. When everything was arranged, Mr. Zeno, whose landlady had begun to think him eccentric, did a thing even more curious than the wanton and unnecessary refurbishing of his rooms had seemed. He walked out one morning and returned with a pale young man, who, in obedience to his instructions, produced a water-colour sketch-block, a tube each of Chinese white and sepia, and a camel's hair pencil or two, and began to make a stiffly accurate and ugly sketch of one of the walls of Mr. Zeno's chamber.

In the pursuit of this occupation the pale young man was discovered by Frost, who strolled in, in the course of the afternoon.

"Nehemiah the prophet!" said Frost, staring about him. "You've done it this time. You said you were going to refurbish. What a blaze o' splendour!"

"Pretty, is it not, my dear Frost?" replied Zeno. "Tell me. Is it not charming?"

"It's pretty loud," said Frost. "The Falls of Niagara air a whisper to it."

"Do you think you would know it again?" asked the host, gazing about him with an air of genuine pride. "Did you ever see a room like it in your life before?"

"Sir," replied Frost, gravely, "I should know it again, and I never saw anything like it. What is this young man doin'? You're having a portrait of the thundering thing? You're gettin' proud, Mr. Vroblewskoff. Or air you going to set up as a professional furnisher?"

"No," said Zeno. "I am getting proud. That is all." He was so gay and airy in his manner, and the decorations of the apartment were so outrageously new and glaring that it crossed the visitor's mind that his patron was not altogether sane.

"The drawing's done, sir," said the pale young man, holding up his work for Zeno's inspection. Zeno put his head on one side and looked at it.

"A little hard," he said, "but faithful. Admirably faithful. You can start on the bedroom now."

"Which point of view would you like, sir?" asked the artist.

"Come with me. I will show you," answered Zeno, and he led the pale young man into the bedchamber and set him to work at one of the walls there. Frost, not knowing what to make of all this, and finding Zeno so absorbed in the progress of the drawing that he was but dull as a companion, sauntered away again.

"He's got some extraordinary deep game on," said Frost to himself, "or else he's cracked." He had learned by experience that it was useless to question, but he went away in a profound bewilderment.

If he could have seen the whole of Mr. Zeno's proceedings his bewilderment might have increased. The pale artist made a drawing of every one of the eight walls, and when they were done and paid for the spy himself drew a plan of the two rooms, numbered the walls from one to eight, and numbered the drawings in correspondence with the walls. When he had done this, he made up the eight drawings and the plan into a neat packet, addressed it to a confederate in Calais, and registered it at the post office. One of the three sets of furniture, with wall-paper, carpet, curtains, plaster casts, mirrors, and chromos had been consigned to the same address three days before. The third set was consigned to a gentleman of Mr. Zeno's own profession in Vienna, and Austin Farley's plan was in a fair way to be realised.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IF Fraser had been given to the analysis of his own spiritual symptoms, he might have been a little surprised to discover how aromatic and tonic a draught he had imbibed in learning to hate O'Rourke. His customary lymphatic self-approval was exchanged for a warmer and more active consciousness of his own deserts, and his scorn of O'Rourke's libels nourished this sentiment as if it had been meat and wine. Fraser's glorious self-opinion had been accustomed to slumber in security, like the desert lion in his strength, but now the Patriot's perfidy had awakened it, and its growl was grateful to its owner's heart and ears.

It became, as matter of course, Fraser's business to do O'Rourke what harm he could. Immediately, and as a mere affair of nature, it grew to be public duty to show the world at large how base a personage it had respected and treated with generosity. Fraser excited a less passionate wrath than he had hoped for by displaying the proofs of O'Rourke's villainy in the Lobby and the Tea-room. The enemies of his enemy expressed sympathy, to be sure, but outsiders were provokingly cold about the matter, and once he was almost certain that he discovered groups of honourable gentlemen laughing heartily over one of O'Rourke's rascally attacks upon him.

He felt pretty safe of sympathy from Maskelyne, because Maskelyne, like himself, had suffered at the Patriot's hands. Without greatly sympathising with Maskelyne, he felt keenly that Maskelyne ought to sympathise with him, for had they not both been betrayed by the same false friend? And, apart from the question of sympathy, Fraser had an arrow to plant in the side of O'Rourke by exciting Maskelyne's ire against him. The Patriot had made no secret of his indebtedness to the young American. It was one of his graceful and amiable ways to publish the news of a benefaction of that kind, and he felt it indicative of his own character, and in consonance with his reputation, to be agreeably garrulous about the good qualities of people who behaved well to himself. Fraser therefore knew all about Maskelyne's loan of the five hundred, and by means of it promised himself a safe and speedy vengeance.

It is the fate of everybody in the world to be misunderstood. When we try to understand grace and goodness we gaze in our own private pocket mirror, and try to look pretty. When we want to understand an enemy we stare at the same reflection, but alter the effect by looking our ugliest. In commonplace cases we see ourselves simply, and neither at best nor worst. Fraser, for example, was certain that Maskelyne would no sooner learn of O'Rourke's treachery to himself, than he would claim the five hundred pounds, and insist upon immediate payment. If he could have guessed that by exposing O'Rourke he made such a claim absolutely impossible to Maskelyne, he would have spared himself the trouble. But it was just as impossible for Fraser to guess how Maskelyne would act, as it would have been for Maskelyne to act like Fraser.

The young American was descending the steps of the hotel, when Fraser leapt from his hansom, and hailed him.

"I want a bit of a talk with ye," said the member for Bally-

killrowdy, saluting Maskelyne with one hand and holding up a shilling for the cabman in the other. "Are ye free?"

"Yes," said Maskelyne. "I am doing nothing just now. Shall we go inside?"

Fraser assenting, he led the way to his own rooms. If he could have told the truth, he would rather not have been troubled with Fraser, of all men in the world, just then. He was making up his mind to go back to New York, and was trying to set himself loose from the ties which held him to Europe. Fraser's news about O'Rourke had saddened him profoundly. He had forced himself into a kind of sad contentment with O'Rourke's engagement to Angela, and had tried to satisfy himself by the assurance that the girl had chosen the better man of the two. This reflection was not likely to seem very warm and bright to him under the most favourable conditions, but it was terrible to be robbed of it. To lose his love was hard, but whilst he could loyally tell himself that he lost her for her good, and that she had chosen wisely, he was not without consolation. To find that she had chosen ill was to discover that his own heart was well-nigh broken. For in spite of the restraint he had tried to impose upon himself he was anything but a lukewarm lover. That he was over-modest, and—as the world goes—over-chivalrous, did not prevent him from loving the girl of his choice with a passionate intensity. He had tried to do what no man ever quite succeeded in doing—to love, and not to desire. He had failed all along, and had all along been conscious of failure.

It may be said that as the world goes he had not found out much against O'Rourke after all. O'Rourke had done no more than abuse a friend anonymously, and that is not so unfrequent a thing that we can afford any great wrath for it as a rule—unless we happen to be the friend who is abused, when, as a matter of course, the affair takes peculiar proportions. But Maskelyne did not desire to judge O'Rourke by a commonplace standard. He was so male to begin with, that in any case he would have thought the offence almost unpardonable, and in the man Angela had chosen it looked villainous. His estimate of her was reflected back upon O'Rourke, and in that pure light the Patriot, who had once been glorified by it, looked black indeed.

"I've a bit of news," said Fraser, when they were seated together. "Maybe ye'll be able to guess why I bring it. O'Rourke's going to be married."

"Yes?" said Maskelyne, quietly. Fraser's bit of news was like a stab to him, but he was not the sort of man to make a show of his pain. He would not even ask "To whom?" by way of disguise. He knew that but too well.

"He's engaged to a friend of yours," said Fraser, not because he desired to give pain, but because it was in his nature to bluster.

"It was you that introduced him to her."

"I think not," returned Maskelyne.

"Ye did, though," cried Fraser. "And if I'm not mistaken 'twas in this room ye did it."

"In this room?"

"I got the news from Mrs. Farley," said Fraser. "And she got it from the lady herself."

"I introduced O'Rourke to an American lady here," said Maskelyne, rising from his seat involuntarily. "A Mrs. Spry."

"That's what I'm tellin' ye," said Fraser. "They're going to be married." Maskelyne sat down again without a word. "Hector O'Rourke is going to be married to the Mrs. Spry to whom you introduced him a month or two ago. There's no sort of humbug or nonsense about it, for it's a fact."

"I can hardly believe it," returned Maskelyne in a hesitating voice.

"I'd loike to know," said Fraser with a smile at his own knowledge of human nature; "I'd loike to know if ye told him she had money."

"Yes," said Maskelyne, "I told him, jestingly, she was rich. 'Sinfully rich,' I think I said. He asked me what 'sinfully rich' might mean, and I told him that the late Mr. Spry had been said to be worth ten millions of dollars."

"That accounts, don't ye see?" said Fraser with a broadening smile, "for any hurry that's observable. Now don't interrupt me, there's a good fellow. I'm going to be interesting. It's not the first time Mr. Hector O'Rourke has asked about the nature of a lady's income. He put a question of that kind to me once on a time. Can ye guess where it was? Then I'll tell ye. 'Twas at Housay."

"Housay!"

"Why would we beat about the bush like this?" demanded Fraser, rising and beaming on Maskelyne with more than his ordinary air of victorious understanding of human weakness. "He asked me about Miss Butler, and I told him, 'She's a great heiress, and Maskelyne's after her.' Now, do be quoyut, there's a dear fellow! I've no sooner told him this than he begins to make hot love to the gyurl. To tell the truth, the young lady hates him like poison; but in one way or another he drives ye from the field. He's no sooner done that, than ye introduce him to a richer woman, and in a week or two he's engaged to her. It's no part of my business to be talkin' of these private affairs of yours; but I have it from Mrs. Farley that ye've been labouring under a delusion from start to finish. If I'm wrong there's no harm done, and if I'm right, and ye care for the young lady at all, ye'll know that the road's open."

Perhaps, after all, nothing could have been less painful to Maskelyne's somewhat overwrought delicacy than the brutal plainness of Fraser's speech. A tender and delicate breaking of the news would have indicated a feeling in the speaker which would have claimed some emotional recognition and return.

"Come now," said Fraser, seeing that he was silent under this surprising news; "I'm not wrong in supposing that you were a suitor for the lady's hand?"

That, at least, thought Fraser, was put with sufficient delicacy. Maskelyne had arisen and walked to the window. He appeared to have forgotten Fraser, and did not even answer the question.

"Come now," said Fraser again, "ye were after the gyurl yourself, weren't you?"

"I am very much obliged to you for bringing me this news, Fraser," said the young American. "Very much obliged, indeed. I think," he added half to himself, "that I must see O'Rourke."

"Well," returned Fraser, smiling, "I'll not offer to go with you I think that Hector and myself's best apart."

"I suppose so," said Maskelyne absently. After that he stood for awhile at the window in silence. When he turned round he saw that Fraser was smiling broadly.

"Ye don't seem to be woldly delighted," said Fraser. "After all, I thought ye'd skip like a young he-goat upon the mountains."

"I am very much obliged to you, indeed," Maskelyne answered. He took up his hat, cane, and gloves, which he had laid down on entering the room. "I will go and see O'Rourke," he added, with an air of sudden decision and awakening.

"Well," said Fraser, rubbing his hands and beaming; "the interview ought to be a pleasant one. I'll not keep ye from it a moment. I'll say good morning."

The two shook hands on the pavement in front of the hotel, and Fraser stood there to watch Maskelyne as he stepped into a cab and was driven away.

"Now," said Fraser, nodding and smiling to himself; "that's not *my* oyd

over the day's letters. Half-a-dozen of them pressed for money, two or three threatened that unless payment were made within a specified date legal proceedings would be entered upon without further notice, and one intimated that, "repeated applications for the last past six months having proved unavailing," an account had been given into a solicitor's hands for collection. Another letter, signed by the secretary on behalf of the committee of the Bantry Branch of the Patriot League of Old Ireland, lamented a recently discovered tendency on the Patriot's part to endorse the liabilities of the Ministry, and expressed a hope that his future conduct would be worthy of his past history. Only a month or two ago these things would have stung him a little, but the very post that brought them carried their antidote in the form of a perfumed little note from Mrs. Spry, which breathed unalterable love. O'Rourke laughed over it, and kissed it in a sort of graceful burlesque of rapture, and had just unlocked his desk to set it with a score of others there from the same writer, when Maskelyne knocked at the door.

The maid brought up the visitor's card, and he frowned over it for a second, but looked up from it with a smile of such friendly candour that even the domestic noticed it, and, by sympathy, took a bright face down stairs with her, and gave a bright invitation to the visitor to enter. O'Rourke followed her to the door of his room, but returned and took his seat again before Maskelyne appeared.

"I can't afford to be too demonstrative," he said to himself. "Let me take him as if nothing had happened." When Maskelyne entered he held out a sideway hand to him. "Good morning, old fellow," he said in a friendly voice. "You don't mind waiting a little, do you?" The hand was not taken, and he looked up. "You look serious. Is there anything the matter?"

"I want to ask you a question or two," said Maskelyne. "I shall be obliged to you if you will answer me." He looked serious enough in all conscience.

"I will, if I can," replied O'Rourke. "You may be sure of that."

"I am told that you are engaged to be married to the lady to whom I introduced you a few weeks ago at the Langham. Will you kindly tell me if the news is true?"

"My dear fellow!" cried O'Rourke in genuine astonishment at the question. "I am not responsible for any such statement. I give you my word of honour that I have not whispered a word to that effect to any one."

"I did not know that I intruded upon a secret," said Maskelyne. "As I am informed, the lady herself is responsible for the statement."

"The lady herself?" asked O'Rourke archly. "And in whom has the lady herself confided?"

"I am told that she has confided in Mrs. Farley. Can you tell me if I may rely upon the news?"

"If you were anybody else now," said O'Rourke, laying both hands on Maskelyne's shoulders, and shaking him a little, "I should have to be very guarded with you. But since you are you, and the discreetest man alive on either side of the Atlantic, I won't deny a statement which must be flattering alike to the lady's and my own discernment." The boyish cordial laugh with which he said this made it altogether perfect.

"I may believe it then?" said Maskelyne, in whose face there was no gleam of friendship to respond to that which radiated from O'Rourke's.

"In the very strictest confidence," returned the Patriot, "you may believe it. I was pledged to quiet, and shall adhere to the pledge, in spite of what you tell me. I shall adhere to it, that is, until it is lifted from me by the hands that first imposed it. It's all very sudden and strange, isn't it? At times I can hardly believe in it myself. But every man's fate is in wait for him, if we may believe the story-books. As a general thing we can't believe the story-books, I suppose, but I am inclined to give them credit in this particular."

Maskelyne's unchanging look disconcerted him a little, but he would not show it. Yet, in spite of his resolve, it hurried him into an indiscretion.

"Let me be vilely painted," he began with his blithest smile; "and in such great letters as they write, 'There is good horse to hire, let them signify under my sign, 'Here you may see Hector O'Rourke, the married man.'" Then he turned and met Maskelyne's unaltered gaze again. "You'll be laughing at all of us by and by," he said. "Did the blind boy ever draw a bow at you, or are you arrow-proof?"

"You would seem to be curiously susceptible," said Maskelyne, thrown off his guard against himself by an inward movement of mingled anger and contempt. "I have the pleasure to bid you good-bye."

"Why, Maskelyne, old fellow," cried O'Rourke; "what, in the name of mystery, is the matter?" He intercepted the other's passage to the door, and stood there, the picture of innocence in consternation.

"I am unhappily tied," said Maskelyne. "I should like an explanation above all things, if I could but ask and offer one. But if you care to accept a fact at my hands, without an examination of the steps that led me to it, I don't mind telling you that you are curiously shameless and dishonourable."

"Maskelyne, you amaze me," cried O'Rourke. "You—you wound me. No. You must not go. I have a right to ask you for an explanation of this strange behaviour—this amazing language. Great heavens!" he exclaimed suddenly, as if a light had pierced his mind. "Maskelyne, I swear to you— You spoke of her lightly—almost disparagingly. 'A pretty widow, and sinfully rich.' I recall your very words. If you had given me a hint, a sign—I should have known. I should have guarded myself."

"You afflict me with as acute a shame as if I myself were lying," Maskelyne answered sorrowfully. "Having begun it, you must go on with it, of course, so long as I am here. Let me get by, and save yourself the trouble and the shame."

"What do you charge me with?" cried O'Rourke, setting his back against the door. "I refuse to allow you to leave this room until you tell me what is your charge against me."

"You fail to understand me?"

"Utterly."

"Will you try to understand me now?—I have learned to think of you as a very base and unworthy person. I desire to know you no more. I have found you unworthy of an honest man's regard. If you choose to fight upon that question, the method is barbarous, but I should dearly like it for once, and I won't disappoint you. As for explanation, that could only be a matter of form between us, and I am tied. You know that as well as I do, and you understand me admirably. I am leaving England for the Continent; stand me admirably. My letters will be forwarded. In the mean time we can have nothing more to say to each other."

"Well," said O'Rourke, as if he resigned the puzzle; "go your way. I can only hope to meet you in a fairer frame of mind. I don't know—upon my conscience—why you want to fight with me. I don't know why you quarrel with me."

He moved away from the door, and Maskelyne opened it and left the room without a word.

(To be continued)

A BALLOON MOUNTAIN RAILWAY is being planned up the Gaisberg, near Salzburg, in Austria. The line will be constructed on the wire-rope principle, like the Vesuvius Railway, and the balloon car will carry from twenty to thirty passengers.



THE history of the Brontë family has been made familiar by several popular writers, from Mrs. Gaskell and Mr. Swinburne to Mr. Wemyss Reid and Miss Mary Robinson. Most of these writers have, however, written from a single point of view only; Mrs. Gaskell dealing especially with the life of Charlotte, and Miss Robinson with that of Emily Brontë. But these ladies have passed judgment of extreme severity upon the character of Patrick Branwell Brontë, the only brother of the wonderful sisters. It is true that in later editions of her book Mrs. Gaskell modified to some extent the harshness of her judgment; and the monograph of Mr. Wemyss Reid did still more to rectify some of the errors into which Mrs. Gaskell had fallen. Recently, however, all the odious charges against Branwell Brontë have been revived, and reiterated with added scorn in Miss Robinson's extremely clever book on Emily Brontë. When reviewing that work in these columns more than two years ago we stated our dissent from Miss Robinson's view as to the effect of the conduct of Branwell upon the character of Emily and the tragedy in "Wuthering Heights." The exaggeration and injustice of much that has been printed about Branwell has prompted Mr. Francis A. Leyland to come forward with two volumes, entitled "The Brontë Family, with Especial Reference to Patrick Branwell Brontë" (Hurst and Blackett). The book is valuable, and should be read by all who are familiar with the previous works on the family. Mr. Leyland has had unusual opportunities of procuring evidence, and he throws light on many passages in Branwell's career. More than once, indeed, he convicts both Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Robinson of serious errors in point of fact. The truth about Branwell's character and its influence on his sisters' lives probably lies midway between the views of Mr. Leyland and those of Miss Robinson. Mr. Leyland's book is earnest and accurate, and he has spared no pains to master his subject and present it with clearness. He must not think that he has completely vindicated the unfortunate Branwell; but he has shown good cause for modifying the too-harsh judgments of previous writers.

Messrs. George Bell and Sons are now issuing the complete works of the late Charles Stuart Calverley in four volumes, containing respectively "Literary Remains and Memoir," "Verses and Fly Leaves," "Translations," and "Theocritus." By all who admire intellect and appreciate humour this edition of the works of one of the most charming writers of our day should be received with cordial welcome. To the first volume Mr. Walter J. Sendall contributes an admirable memoir, telling the great public all they need know of the life and character of "C. S. C." His daring feats at Harrow, his brilliant and careless career at Oxford, and his subsequent more sober life at Cambridge are described with the loving sympathy of old friendship. Mr. Walter Besant, Professor J. R. Seeley, and other of Calverley's University friends have also furnished their recollections of their brilliant friend. They combine to produce a picture of a man of extraordinary intellect, rare humour, unfailing good temper, and true goodness. That Calverley was exceedingly lazy, and that he required a constant spurring if work was to be got out of him, all his friends admit. It is impossible to say to what position he might not have attained but for this infirmity of will. His friends used to say that "Calverley had only to name the particular pinnacle on which he proposed to stand for the admiration of the world, and that it could be at once set aside and reserved for him like a stall at the theatre."

"The British Navy in the Present Year of Grace," by "An Undistinguished Naval Officer" (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.), is a caustic, rather clever little book. What motive could possibly have induced a naval officer to write such a book it is difficult to conceive. Perhaps he has been left behind in the race for promotion; perhaps he is not a naval officer at all, but merely assumes the title the better to conceal his identity. The book is a bitter, concentrated attack on the Navy in general, from the Lords of the Admiralty down to the lieutenants, not omitting the medical officers and chaplains. The only classes for whom the writer has a good word to say are the warrant officers and the Blue-jackets. All naval officers, from the highest to the lowest, are knaves, fools, or snobs. How the Navy manages to exist for a week when all its officers are mere ignorant place-hunters it is difficult to see. Now and then the "Undistinguished Naval Officer" no doubt puts his finger on a blot, as when he speaks of the jobbery at the Admiralty; but the wild exaggeration of the book makes it of but small value. It will no doubt be widely read and laughed at by naval men.

"My object has not been to write the life of Jeanne d'Arc at all, but to give a general view of the country through which she passed, in its present condition; dwelling most on the objects on which her eyes rested, and which helped in their measure to form her character, as the geographical and strategical features of the country moulded the plan of her campaigns." Such is Mrs. Florence Caddy's description of the aim of her volume, "Footsteps of Jeanne d'Arc; a Pilgrimage" (Hurst and Blackett). It is a conscientious work, involving much travel and research and throwing a flood of light on many obscure parts of the heroine's career. It is curious to think how little has been really known respecting Jeanne d'Arc notwithstanding the hundred "lives" of her in French and English. In this case, as in so many others, one authority lazily copies another without referring to original documents, and thus are perpetuated the countless errors in dates and places which are stumbling-blocks to later writers. Mrs. Caddy has spared no pains to become perfect mistress of her subject. Her book is authoritative, and will long be a standard work on the Maid of Orleans.

An excellent book, not too popular for the medical man or too scientific for the layman, is "The Diseases of Sedentary and Advanced Life," by Dr. J. Milner Fothergill (Baillière, Tindall, and Cox). Dr. Fothergill treats of disease and its prevention at all ages. He pleads strongly for more and better regulated exercise for girls at school, points out the evils to be guarded against in the lives of clerks, machinists, governesses, &c., and gives the diagnosis and treatment of the usual diseases of later life. All the advice given is wise and practical.

"The Imperial Parliament Series" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) increases quickly. We have before us "Women's Suffrage," by Mrs. Ashton Dilke; "Local Administration," by William Rathbone, M.P., Albert Pell, M.P., and F. C. Montague; "England and Russia in Asia," by W. E. Baxter, M.P.; and "Local Option," by W. S. Caine, M.P., William Hoyle, and Rev. Dawson Burns. A better series for informing ignorant citizens on questions of the day cannot be imagined. The books are clear and compact, and the arguments for and against are fairly stated.

Fortunate in the possession of a comfortable phaeton, and a pair of good roadsters, Mr. James John Hissey and his wife started to drive to Scotland by way of the Lake District. Their experiences are recounted in "A Drive Through England" (R. Bentley and Son), a mild, yet not unpleasant book, full of platitude, and conventional in style. The travellers met with few adventures. They lost their way several times, and they regarded the ascent of the Honister Pass as the hardest day's work for their horses in the whole journey. Twenty miles a day of driving, with stoppages for a day or two here and there, carried them over a thousand miles of

road in something over three months, and they returned to London much gratified with their pleasant holiday, and with a high opinion of the beauty of their native land.

Mr. Henry W. Lucy has prepared an "authorised edition" of the chief speeches of Mr. Chamberlain, and has prefixed to them a brief "Life." From this we learn that Mr. Chamberlain is a Londoner, having been born in the metropolis in 1836. He was educated at University College School, entered his father's screw-making business at Birmingham, and retired in 1874. He entered Parliament in 1876, but did not speak till his second session. In 1880 he entered Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade.



"ANDROMEDA," by George Fleming (2 vols.: Bentley and Son), is a worthy successor to its author's charming story "Vestigia," which no doubt remains fresh in many memories. It displays the same skill in making an exceedingly fine and delicate vein of story serve for the description of even finer and more delicate lights and shades of mood and character. In "Andromeda" the situations are of a domestic and, therefore, of a less striking nature than in "Vestigia." It is of a more twilight character. But there is the same degree of harmony, both in treatment and in style. The story is of a most touching and even painful piece of self-sacrifice—that of a man who, believing that there was no cup of happiness in life for him, finds it suddenly at his lips, and is on the point of accepting it, with every right to do so, when he accidentally discovers that his happiness would imply the suffering of others. So he straightway turns aside, without a sign of the disappointment he has undergone, and with no sort of outer compensation. His rival illustrates the influence of higher natures in raising lower ones to their level. If the characters in "Andromeda" may be thought over-idealised, and with too little common clay about them, it is well that human possibilities should be presented now and then, by way of counteracting too actual and realistic portraiture.

Esmé Stuart must have been very hard up for a title before choosing one so feebly absurd as "A Faire Damzell" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). Milly Catesby was no doubt a "Damzell," and was no doubt "Faire"—to accept Esmé Stuart's entirely inappropriate style of spelling—but so are many other girls whose story is not in the least worth telling. A mere simpleton cannot be rendered sympathetic or interesting solely by dint of dwelling enthusiastically on the depths of her ignorance and the extent of her sentimental idiocy. However—and this no doubt is defensible on the ground of human nature—Esmé Stuart's male characters, a selfish Englishman and a romantic Breton Count, find her irresistible; though that may be accounted for on the ground of an exceptional identity of taste, seeing that both rivals had been rivals before for the heart of a girl who seems to have been very nearly as mere a goose as Milly Catesby. As for Milly, she only wanted some one to love her; and altogether showed a curious indifference as to whom the same one might be. It is a very silly story altogether; and the description of the metaphysical and psychological style in which Breton peasants are made to talk to one another shows little capacity for original observation.

"Beside Still Waters," by William Mackay (3 vols.: Remington and Co.), chiefly consists of a number of character-sketches loosely strung together. By the still waters of the title is no doubt meant the Thames. But the reader is carried into waters of a different kind—namely, those of the Bohemia hard by. Bohemia has been far too popular a land of literary travel and adventure lately for Mr. Mackay to claim any of the merit due to an explorer. Indeed, so industrious have tourists been in those parts that there is little, if any, unknown country left to explore: while, from the nature of their experiences, very natural doubts are arising whether, if there were, it would be worth exploring. Meanwhile, Mr. Mackay has dealt with his stale subject in a lively manner, showing, if little skill in the invention of a good story, much cleverness in making the best of a poor one.

"A Heroine of the Common-Place," by M. Dal Vero (London Literary Society), is the story of one of those domestic martyrs who assuredly take more than sufficient vengeance for all they undergo by the amount of boredom they inflict upon the world. If the persistent martyr is tiresome in real life, in fiction she becomes simply unendurable—unless, indeed, she is treated from the purely comic point of view. Unfortunately, comedy has no place whatever in the present novel, which is essentially of the sentimental order. It is really impossible to say anything more of the merits or demerits of a novel so entirely devoid of anything in the shape of backbone.

Mr. Hawley Smart's last shilling story, "Lightly Lost," appears to have been both written and printed at a gallop. It is grammar run wild, and spelling gone shaky. In one remarkable passage he compares his tale to a tragedy of "Eschylus" (sic)—an estimate in which less partial critics will scarcely agree with him. The Greek poet could not have held a candle to Mr. Smart in the portraiture of male and female coquettish, whose all-pervading characteristic is vulgarity. Before Mr. Smart's ladies and gentlemen, the typical 'Arry stands out as a prince; nor does Mr. Smart seem in this respect to be attempting social satire. Whatever may be the case in this matter, the story will in other respects disappoint his especial admirers. It is customary, we believe, always to speak of Mr. Smart as "breezy," and on the whole Mr. Smart is evidently at his best when "breezy," and when he allows himself sufficient time to invent a readable story, to put verbs into his sentences, to revise his proofs and his tenses, and generally to remember that he has a literary reputation.

HOT CHESTNUTS

THE familiar trays of hot chestnuts are among the many signs of the passage of the year from one period to another. They make their appearance soon after the muffin man's bell begins to be heard; but it is not till the first week in November that we arrive at the height of the chestnut season in this country. The fruit which we saw on the trays long before the end of last month was almost entirely from Malta, smaller, and of not nearly so good flavour as that of the "real Spanish chestnuts," which all through this month come into the market in large numbers.

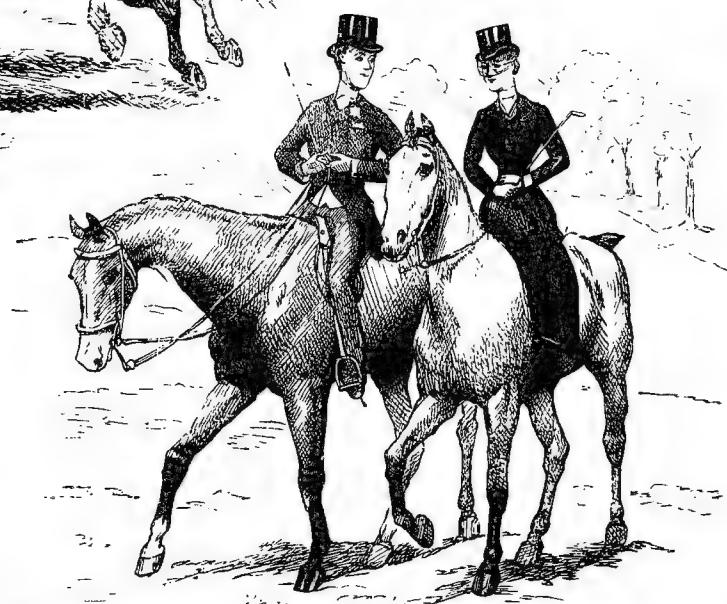
The "ten-a-penny" industry is a humble one in the streets of our large towns, but by no means an offensive one either to buyers or sellers. To the latter in cold weather it is a source of comfortable heat as well as profit, and to the former the glowing embers at least look cheerful, while the fragrance of the roasting nuts is decidedly pleasant. To the impecunious, too, they may yield such satisfaction as that derived by one of Dickens's small heroes, who made up for the want of a dinner by looking steadfastly into a cookshop, or to one of Adolphe Belot's, who consoled himself for the loss of a supper by standing at the door of the Café Anglaise.

The edible chestnut is a tree of some interest, though it is not associated, as many trees are, with myths, legends, and folk-lore, or credited with potent and miraculous properties for good or evil. Its botanical name is *Castanea vesca* (or *communis*); and it belongs to the Order of *Cupulifere* or *Corylaceæ*—the Nut Tribe; though, notwithstanding its affix of "nut," it is not so suggestive of the

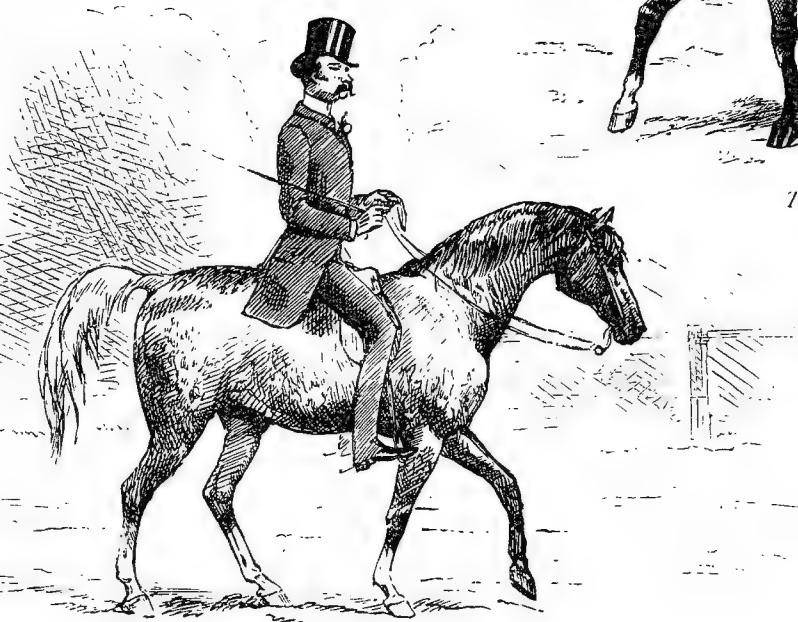


The Six-Year-Old

The Hobbled-hoy



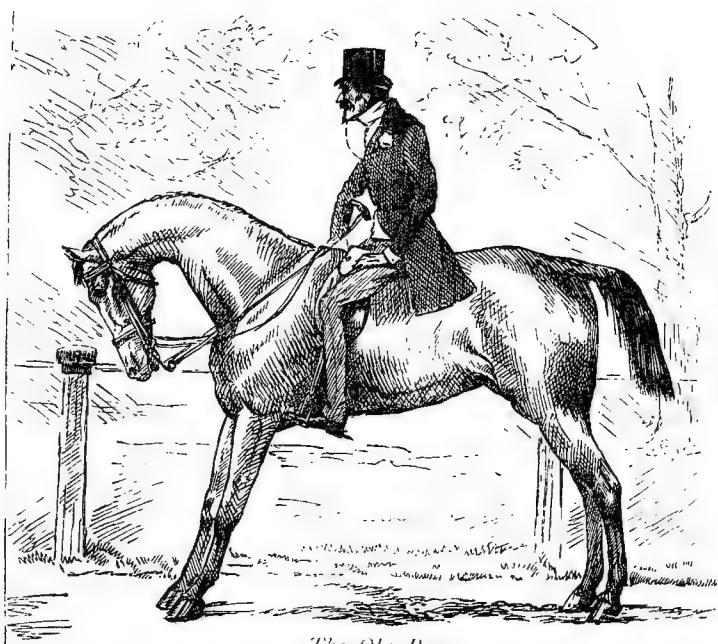
The Lover



The Masher



The Heavy Weight

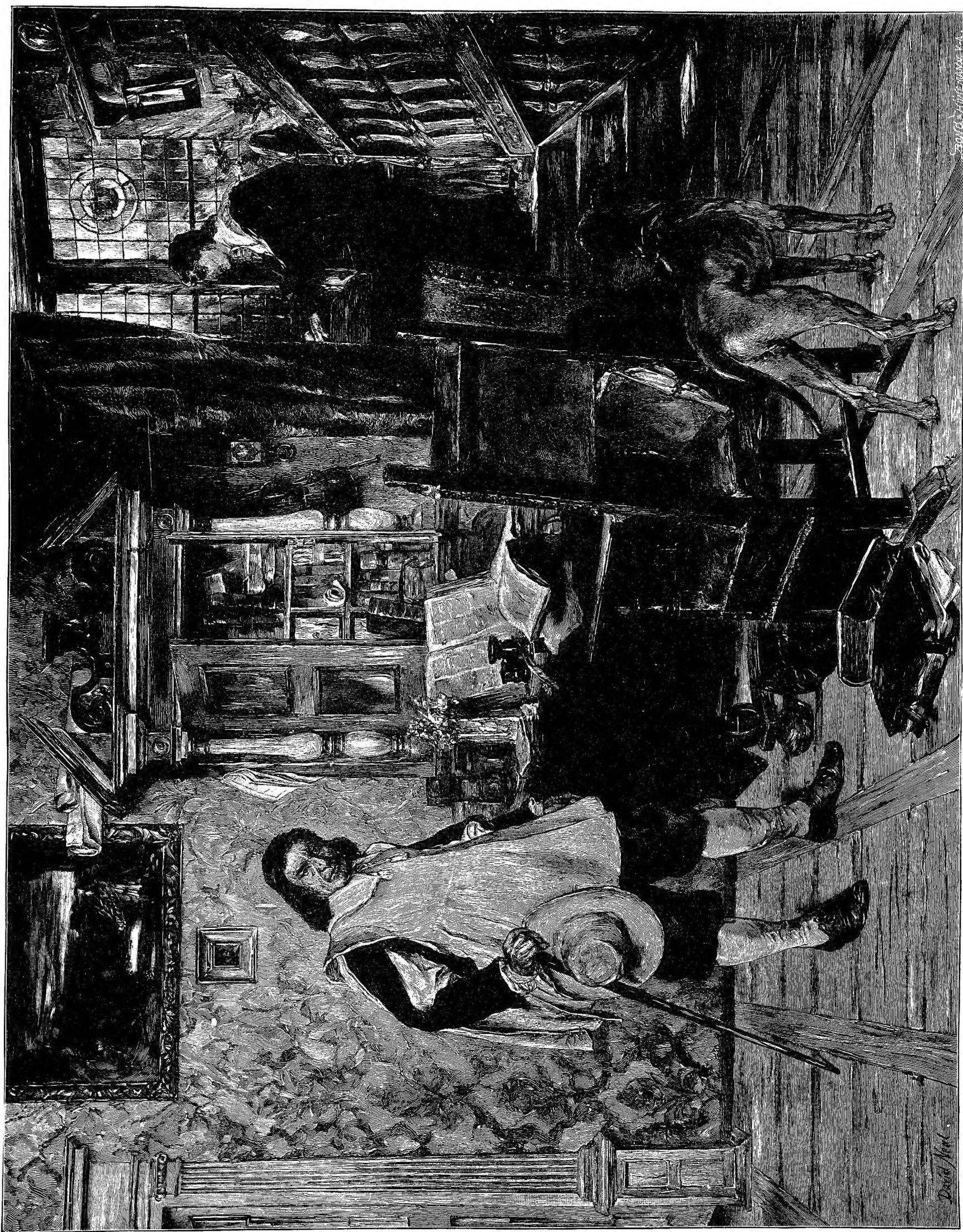


The Old Beau



The Retired Veteran

G. Douglas Giles.



"OLIVER CROMWELL VISITS JOHN MILTON"

FROM THE PICTURE BY DAVID NEAL

"nut" tribe as the walnut is, which belongs, as noticed in a recent article in these columns, to the Order of *Juglandaceæ*; our English idea of a "nut" being a hard shell with a kernel inside. *Castanea* was the Latin name for the tree, which is only the Greek word "Castanon," given to it, it is said, because of its abundance in the neighbourhood of Castana or *Castanea*, a city of Thessaly; though Pliny says, "the first chesnuts were known to grow about Sardis, and from thence were brought, and therefore called by the Greeks Sardinian nuts." The name "chesnut" is evidently only a form of the "cast" in *Castanea*, and is found with variations in several European languages. Hence it would be more properly written "chestnut;" and we find it in the "Golden Boke" as *chestain*, and in French *châtaigne*. The word "castanet" is from *Castanea*, because of the resemblance of the concave ivory or hard-wood shells, used by dancers, to two chesnuts.

It is generally believed that the "Spanish" chesnut was not indigenous to this country, but was introduced here, with so many other trees, by the Romans, in the hope that its fruit would ripen in this climate, which it can hardly be said to do. But it has held its place among our forest and ornamental trees, because of its beauty both of its glossy varnished leaves, and its general handsome growth. There are some fine specimens of it in England, notably at Croft Castle; and there is one at Tortworth, though almost "in ruins," which has a circumference at four feet from the ground of sixty feet. It is said to have been planted by King Egbert. Londoners interested in arboriculture, who are unable to get far afield into the country, can see fine specimens of the tree in the magnificent chestnut avenues in Greenwich Park, between the Royal Observatory and Blackheath, some of the trunks being very large and developed into most fantastic shapes, reminding one somewhat of several of the growths of the famous Burnham Beeches. The excrescences on some of the limbs of the Greenwich trees are most remarkable.

But the best of our English specimens are far behind those to be found in different districts in the South of Europe, especially those of the magnificent trees on the slopes of Etna and Vesuvius, which suggests their special liking for the ashy substances of a volcanic soil. One on Etna, known by the name of the "Chesnut-tree of a Hundred Horses," may almost be called one of the wonders of the world, at least of the arboreal world. It is supposed to be one of the oldest trees in existence; and it derived its name from Queen Jane of Aragon and an enormous retinue finding full refuge from a violent storm under its spreading branches. It presents the appearance of a clump of distinct trees, but it has been found to have only one real root, and that at no great depth. The original trunk of the tree evidently split at some distant period, as shown by the fact that bark only grows on the outside portions. The interior, of course, is a hollow space, through which two carriages can drive abreast; and the total circumference of the exterior is no less than two hundred and four feet. It still bears abundant fruit every two years, after the fashion of its kind. It is one peculiarity of chesnut trees, that like beech trees they can sustain a vigorous life for many years with only their outside case, so to speak, left.

The edible chesnut is found in Asia, Africa, and America; but the South of Europe is its favourite home.

The wood of the tree is very durable, and decays slowly even in damp ground. The dwellers on the slopes of Etna use it for the hoops of wine-casks, wherein is stored the mawkish Marsala, "depromed" on high festive occasions by the lords of English households, whose tastes have unfortunately to be kept down to the level of their means. In the English hop districts plantations of chesnut "stools" are cultivated, as the shoots, which are of quick growth, make excellent hop-poles. There is general belief or tradition that some of the notable roofs in several of our famous old buildings, public and private, were made of the timber of the *Castanea vesca*, but on further examination they have been found to be of the wood of a species of oak called the "Durmast" oak, which rejoices in the sesquipedalian title of *Quercus sessiliflora*.

In this country we only use Spanish chesnuts as a delicacy or a kind of fruit agreeable to the palate, and to be eaten for the pleasure of eating them, not as a food. Occasionally, however, we stuff a turkey with them; and years ago Mrs. Martha Bradley, in her "British Housewife" recommends them bruised and stewed with beef gravy, to be served with a "green" goose; though it is rather puzzling to understand how Spanish chesnuts were to be got when geese were "green" in early summer. We do not regard chesnuts as food, though food they might be, and indeed are over a very considerable area of Southern Europe, especially among the poorer classes, with whom they are a staple commodity. And good food, too, wholesome and nourishing, for, in addition to starch, the chesnut contains fifteen per cent. of sugar. Contrary to what might have been expected, the chesnut contains no oil; though, by an oversight apparently, the learned Cantor Lecturer at the Society of Arts on the "Manufacture of Soap," a few weeks ago, stated it did.

Italy is a great chesnut as well as macaroni eating country, and it need hardly be added, Spain. It is the chief alimentary substance eaten by the mountaineers of the Alps; and the tree is called the "Bread-tree of the French mountains." There are almost as many ways of dealing with it "magically" as with an egg. When ground into flour it is treated in a variety of ways in Italy and Spain. Cakes, fritters, and a kind of bread are made from it, which are eaten with cheese, Bologna sausage, and meat, and very often

with less concomitants than are potatoes in an impoverished Irish family.

In truth, chesnuts are a valuable farinaceous food; and by no means indigestible when cooked, let us add, lest some enterprising but dyspeptic etymologist suggests that the "ches" in chesnuts is really "chest," because they "lie heavy" in that region. There seems to be no good reason, except prejudice, as an Irishman might say, why chestnut flour should not be imported freely and profitably into this country, even with wheat at its present ruinous price for farmers. But however this may be, just now a hasty luncher, as he wends his way along our streets, can simultaneously and very pleasantly warm his fingers, and fill up a Nature-abhorred vacuum with a pennyworth of "Hot Chesnuts."

J. J. M.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

IV.

A FLIGHT to the Sunny South is the dream of many minds just now, as winter creeps upon us, and so tempting glimpses of the land of the orange and myrtle are offered by two attractive volumes, "Italy" and "The Riviera" (Virtue). Both in picture and prose the "Riviera" is the better of the pair, for the Rev. H. Macmillan evidently thoroughly knows every inch of ground between Hyères and Spezia, and brings to light many hidden villages and out-of-the-way bits of scenery often passed over. He writes picturesquely without being too gushing, and all intending visitors to Mediterranean shores will find this book an excellent companion. There are plentiful appropriate illustrations, notably those so prettily fitted into the text and the drawings of luxuriant Southern vegetation. As a whole, the engravings in "Italy" are not so satisfactory, some being old and worn, while the most famous features of several towns are altogether unrepresented. Thus the Roman and Venetian portions are the poorest—fancy a chapter on Rome without a view of St. Peter's!—though Naples is admirably depicted alike by pen and pencil. Indeed, the sketches of Neapolitan life are the best here, for throughout the book the figure groups are more effective than the landscapes. In such a wide field the text is necessarily merely a bare outline of history and description, yet if a little stilted at times, the writer has done his share with much pains.

From Italian soil, likewise, springs the Roman boy whose stirring adventures Professor Church narrates in "Two Thousand Years Ago" (Blackie). Young Lucius lives in the exciting period of the last years of the Roman Republic, and besides serving his country among indolent patricians in Sicily, falls into the hands of the historic pirate and ex-gladiator Spartacus, and fights against the Asian Kings Mithridates and Tigranes, and meets many a famous classical personage during his eventful career. No one knows better than Professor Church how to invest a tale of ancient days with as much life and actuality as if he himself had been on the spot, and his last work is one of his best—fit to head the poll in an election of boys' books.—Mr. Henty comes a good second with one of his favourite military stories, "For Name and Fame" (Blackie). As a seasonal theme Mr. Henty deals with the late war in Afghanistan; for his hero escapes from the Cavgarni massacre at Cabul to cover himself with glory at disastrous Maiwand and the Battle of Candahar. Mr. Henty's heroes are always wonders, but certainly for impudence none exceed the cheeky middy, in his collection of short sea-stories, "Yarns on the Beach" (Blackie), who even gives the great Nelson the idea for the taking of Copenhagen.—Perils of the mighty deep, again, are lavishly encountered during "The Search for the Talisman" (Blackie), where Mr. H. Frith pilots a gallant boyish expedition to Polar regions, and as skilfully extricates them from the dangers of the ice off Labrador as Dr. Gordon Stables rescues his yachting party who sail "From Pole to Pole" (Hodder and Stoughton). Full of humour and "go," Dr. Stables' fiction provides ample variety; for, after freezing his characters in Arctic and Antarctic climes, and introducing them to a mysterious Esquimaux Prince, he takes them to broil on African shores amid bloodthirsty savages.—Another rattling sea-story is "On Board the *Esmeralda*" (Cassell), by J. Hutcheson, which treats, however, of more likely ocean adventures.—Eschewing such sensational themes, the Rev. H. C. Adams is again ready brightly to represent public-school life in "Who Was Philip?" (Griffith and Farran), where a well-hidden mystery flavours the usual routine of boyish friendships and troubles, work and play. Mr. Adams never draws story-book prigs, but thoroughly natural lads; such as the Rev. F. Langbridge tells of in "Major Monk's Motto" (Cassell), another cheery school tale, illustrating the old proverb, "Look before you leap."

One more portrait hangs in the gallery of American Presidents which Mr. W. M. Thayer has made his peculiar province—the likeness of General Grant—in "From the Tan Yard to the White House" (Hodder and Stoughton). Although the General's life is now pretty familiar to every one, thanks to the events of the last few months, there is still room for such a plain, sensible biography. Mr. Thayer's homely, straightforward style is just suited to describe so plain and unassuming a man as Grant, while he strongly brings into relief the moral teaching of his subject's fine character. There is the same energetic American spirit pervading Mr. E. Ellis's entertaining backwoods sketches in the Log Cabin Series, "The Lost Trail" and "Camp Fire and Wigwam" (Cassell). These exciting struggles with the Red Man are distinctly fresher than the ordinary course of incident in boys' books.—Transatlantic fun runs high in "The

"Adventures of Jimmy Brown" (S. Low), and if Mr. Alden's mischievous pickle suggests the Bad Boy who once kept a Diary, his escapades are heartily laughable, particularly those connected with the unlucky gentleman who was a mass of falsities.

Christmas card choosing is no joke amid the mass presented to us annually, and amidst the charming, and often inappropriate, pictures provided, many people prefer the simple written good-wishes, with some pretty emblem at the side. Novel specimens of this latter type are the black and white Zoological Studies from Messrs. Thorburn and Bain, where various birds, surrounded by appropriate foliage, fill the corners. Artistically copied from life, these are exceedingly pretty cards. We cannot equally admire the Old English Cards from Messrs. Falkner, Manchester, with their big seals and old-fashioned letters, though some people may like them for variety's sake, especially the Shakespearian specimens. Now the eye turns with pleasure to the graceful compositions and delicate colouring of Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner's packet, some of whose cards are perfect little miniature pictures. There is little of winter here, save Alice West's bewitching wee birdies in the snow, but rather summer reminiscences of river and sea, like the lovely water-vignettes by S. D. Sigmund—notably those on the Thames—Percy Robertson's sepia studies, or the ocean bits by F. C. Price, especially those on artists' palettes. The last artist supplies some charming flower groups, but as a rule landscapes quite outnumber floral subjects. Dainty Greenaway children are provided by Linnie Watt and J. Deale, while Alice Havers sketches aesthetic maidens and Frank Teller some capital old military figures. The only suggestion of humour comes from W. J. Hodgson's roadside sketches, and there is more of the comic element in Mr. Bernard Ollendorff's supply—funny frogs, niggers, garrison scenes, &c. Flowers and figures are the chief designs here, and though many groups are very tasteful, some of the cards are more gay than artistic. Most novel are the quaint army sketches of the days when George III. was king—very good indeed; a Beaconsfield card and the fourfold views of a robin's party—just the thing for children.—The brilliant red "Mahdi" notepaper which pleased lovers of eccentricity has now been turned to account by Messrs. Hamilton and Hills for Christmas cards, and is bright with golden lions, and swallows bearing good wishes, while the companion ragged-edge cards and envelopes are certainly out of the ordinary. One design here, however, is not only original but seasonable—a prettily-tinted raised cross bearing a tiny map of Palestine and text applicable to the Nativity.



FREDERICK PITMAN.—"Come, Follow Me," one of Shakespeare's dainty fairy poems, has been set to music of a somewhat florid character by Karl Blöine; we commend this to the attention of sopranos.—By the same composer is "Meadow Sweet," words by Maggie Foreman, compass D below the lines to E fourth space, a pretty song for the schoolroom.—"Clinging" is the title of a song which is evidently the work of novices, from whom better things may be looked for in the future: the words, by Wilhelmina Barnes, are better than the music, by Elsa H. B. Wallace.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.—"The Comprehensive Scale and Arpeggio Manual," by Walter Macfarren, if studied carefully and strictly according to directions given by the clever musician who compiled it, will be of the greatest use to the pianoforte student, especially if the advice offered be attended to, namely: "Slow practice is golden; quick practice is leaden."—"The Lord is Nigh" is a devotional song for a contralto from a setting of the Thirty-fourth Psalm, music by Arthur Page, F.C.O.; it will prove a useful addition to the Sunday répertoire.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—Three pleasing songs on the ever popular theme, love, are respectively: "Love's Power," written and composed by Josephine Pollard and Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff, a quaint ditty for a tenor; "What's Love?" by R. W. Lodwick, also for a tenor; and "Out in the Morning Early," written and composed by Miss Lindsay, for a soprano.—"Cushion Dance," in G (Old English Dance), for the pianoforte, by Michael Watson, is a capital piece for Christmas festivities.—"Très Drôle Polka," by Theo Bonheur, will be amongst the favourites of the winter season.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Carnival March," for the pianoforte, by James Hyde, is spirited, and well worth the trouble of learning by heart.—"The Woodland Stream Mazurka," by Randolph Simpson, is not a bad specimen of its kind (Messrs. H. White and Son).—"The Ocean's Message," written and composed by Felicia, is a pleasing song of medium compass.—The above composer has not been equally successful with "Queen of the Sea," a Venetian *barcarole* for the pianoforte (Felix Peck).—Longfellow's dainty poem, "If Thou Art Sleeping, Maiden," has been set to a graceful melody, for a tenor, by Robert Harvey (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—"Tit-Bits Overture," for the pianoforte, by D. T. Williams, is a collection of well-known tunes, familiar to us through the medium of the instruction books, simply strung together (David Williams, Glasgow).

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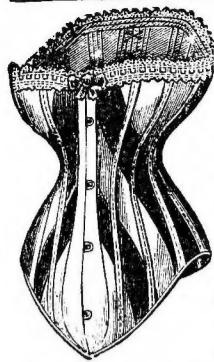
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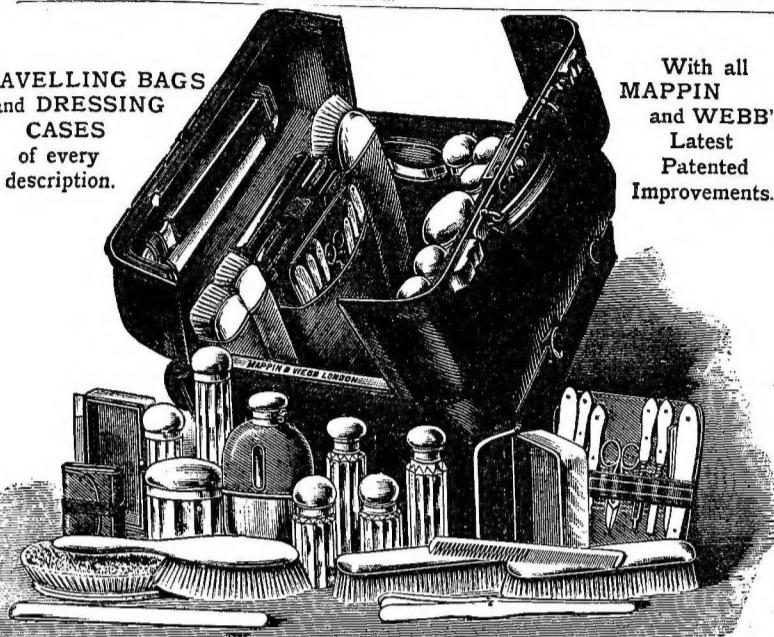
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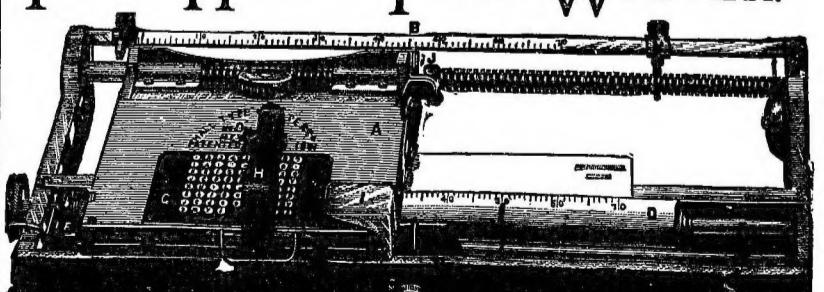
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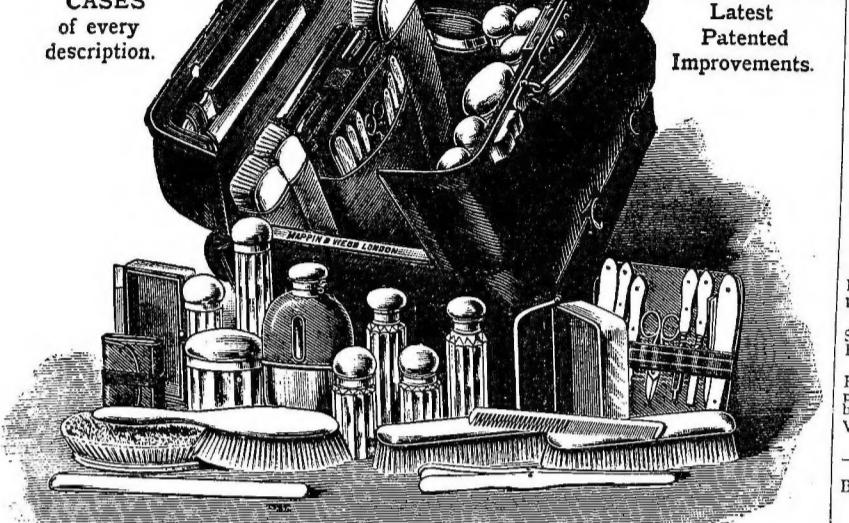
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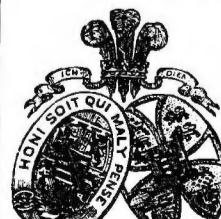
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